

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

DR. ARTHUR WRIGHT, Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, has sent a paper to the *Journal of Theological Studies* on the position of Judas Iscariot among the Twelve. He has been rejoicing in the way in which Dr. Swete has lately been overturning traditional assumptions. He also has a traditional assumption to overturn.

That assumption is that during our Lord's ministry, Simon Peter was the leader of the Twelve, and Judas Iscariot somewhere else. Dr. WRIGHT believes that Judas Iscariot was the leader of the Twelve, and that Simon Peter, though his force of character gradually brought him forward, began somewhere near the other end. What are the proofs?

First of all, Judas held the bag. Now the bag is the symbol of authority. There is an American anecdote, of which Dr. WRIGHT is not aware, that on the wedding eve the husband said to his newly-wedded wife, 'Is it you or I, my dear, that's going to be president of this concern?' to which she sweetly replied that she would be quite content to be the treasurer. The treasurer is the person in authority. So it is now. So it was then.

The bag is the symbol of authority—and the instrument of temptation. Judas lost while Peter gained, both in spirituality and in honour. Peter's

confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' which surprised himself, no doubt, as it surprised them all, brought every eye upon him. When the controversy arose as to which of them was greatest, Judas had long been losing ground, while Peter had been gaining ground. The dispute, in Dr. WRIGHT's opinion, was a deliberate attempt to oust Judas from the primacy, and to give that place to Peter. But the Lord interposed. It was His rule to let both grow together until the harvest. It would destroy Judas's last chance of repentance if he were disgraced. And it would be ill for the future of the Church if every suspected officer were at once ejected.

But Judas had his warning. The words were addressed to the Twelve: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in that which is least is unjust also in much.' The words were addressed to the Twelve, but they were specially meant for Judas, and would appeal powerfully to his conscience.

So at the Last Supper Judas is still the leader of the band. For Dr. WRIGHT has no doubt about the order in which the disciples leaned on the couches. He follows Mr. E. J. Lewis in his picture of the Last Supper. Judas is next to our Lord on the one side, and John on the other. Peter is manifestly out of reach of the ear of our

Lord. He cannot himself whisper the question, 'Who is it?' so he beckons to John to ask. 'John leans back to catch our Lord's ear, who whispers in reply. Iscariot whispers into the other ear, "Is it I?" None of them could have spoken out aloud, but if we admit the whispers all is plain.'

But Dr. WRIGHT reserves his best evidence to the end. In Mk 14¹⁰ Judas is called 'one of the twelve.' The Greek is peculiar. It is literally 'the one of the twelve.' Dr. WRIGHT has no doubt whatever that 'the one of the twelve' means the first or the chief of the Twelve. And he is glad to find Dr. Moulton agree with him. So he concludes that Judas by transgression fell not only from a place among the Twelve, but from the first place. He has become the last, as the last became first.

We have been well told that when the war is over we need not expect to see our churches crowded with soldiers. One chaplain has estimated, after the deliberate examination of a great number of them, that one per cent. of the men in camp were in the habit of attending church, and his belief is that after the war one per cent. will continue that habit.

What are we to do then? Clearly we must find out what kept them from attending church before the war. Two things kept them. The Christianity we had to offer them was not worth their acceptance. And even if it had been worth their acceptance we did not know how to offer it.

Let us ignore the second objection for the present. Why is the Christianity we offer not worth their acceptance? Because its offer is to the poor in spirit. The very first words of the Christian religion are 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And this, which the men understand to mean poor-spirited, is the one thing above all other things that they will have nothing to do with. The religion, they say, of which the very first offer

is happiness to the man whom the world calls a shirker, is not worth looking at.

The objection is exaggerated and absurd. But it is there. And not only is it there, but in some form or other, more or less articulate, it is almost universally there. Nothing gives the ordinary soldier more surprise than to find the chaplain in a place of danger. And he is always on the outlook for an explanation which will restore him his normal idea of a Christian. Mr. John HARGRAVE writes an entertaining book entitled *At Suvla Bay*. When he went out with the stretcher-bearers 'a parson came with us,' he was surprised to see. 'I marched just behind the adjutant, and the parson walked with me. He was a big man and a fair age. We went past the well and the bivouacs. *I could see he was very nervous.*' And from that he proceeds until he has taken away all the virtue from the parson.

How are we to meet that objection? It is very difficult to meet. There is nothing more difficult that we have to do. For the very heart of Christianity is in that sentence, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And there it is, meeting every man in the face as he turns his face towards Christ. The objection is so difficult to meet that even so excellent a scholar as Dr. Selwyn has tried the desperate solution of translating the words, 'Blessed are the poor, by the Spirit.'

In an article in the *Journal of Theological Studies* Canon SLOMAN deals with that translation, and dismisses it. He comes back to the Old Testament. In the Book of Psalms the true servants of Jehovah are often represented as humbled and oppressed. They are encouraged by being told that nevertheless the Lord is with them. Take Ps 34¹⁸. Driver's translation is, 'The Lord is nigh unto the broken in heart; and he saveth them that are crushed in spirit.' Now these servants of Jehovah who are so often broken in heart and crushed in spirit are sometimes called the poor, for the simple reason that they generally

did belong to the poorer classes. And so in the Septuagint the terms 'crushed in spirit' and 'poor in spirit' became interchangeable. And where St. Luke, with his Gentile associations, simply says, 'Blessed are the poor,' St. Matthew the Jew goes back directly to the sense of the Psalms and makes the meaning clear by saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'

That is Canon SLOMAN's interpretation, and it is no doubt the right one. Is the difficulty removed? By no means. The fact is still to be faced by every man who would come to Christ, that he must seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness before everything else, and that the search will often find him among the poor in spirit. Not among the poor-spirited. If he can only see it, just the opposite of that. But among those who are broken in heart and crushed in spirit, and that not only on account of their own sin, but often also on account of the oppression of the ungodly. That is Christianity. And if the soldier says that such a Christianity is not worth having, is there anything more that we can do with him?

One of the Chaplains to the Forces tells us that he was talking with a junior officer about church-going. The officer admitted that he did not go much to church. You keep telling us, he said, what we ought to do. We know that already. Why do you not tell us how to do it?

The Rev. Charles E. RAVEN, M.A., Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, has determined to answer that officer's question. He does not seem to have been an army chaplain. But he has had a wide experience of men. And he has come to the conclusion that wherever you are, in the army or out of it, it is quite useless to continue telling the people what they ought to do. You must tell them how to do it. And you must tell them that first. Now to tell them how to do it is to bring them to Christ. It is to let them know who Christ is. He has accordingly written a book with as

much simplicity and plainness of speech as he can command, and has called it *What Think Ye of Christ?* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net).

There is just one way of telling a man who Christ is. It is to make clear to him what are the doctrines of Christianity. These doctrines, the essential doctrines, are not numerous. Nor are they really difficult to understand. We have first of all to see that we understand them ourselves. And then we have to take some pains to put them into intelligible language, language that will be intelligible to junior officers. We have to prove what a distinguished theologian and preacher used to assert, that there is no doctrine of the faith too deep to be expressed in everyday English. Mr. RAVEN has been a teacher of theology in Cambridge University. He has also had the oversight for some years of a common country parish. He has had to understand what the doctrines of Christianity are. He has taken trouble, he takes trouble in this book, to make them intelligible to ordinary men.

The essential doctrines of Christianity, we said, are not many. There are numerous things that may be said about Christ, and if they are true they are all essential to a full understanding of Him. There is the revelation that He has made to us of God. There is also His oneness. And there is His many-sidedness. All these aspects of Christ Mr. RAVEN considers pretty fully and most attractively. But our purpose at present is to know Christ in such a way that we shall be able to do the things which it is our duty to do. And to that end two doctrines are quite sufficient. One is the doctrine of His Divinity; the other is the doctrine of His Atonement.

Now it is not to be denied that there are difficulties in both these doctrines. There are insurmountable difficulties. But neither is it to be denied that with these insurmountable difficulties we have nothing necessarily to do. We have to know Christ in such a way that He will be to us

—what is the usual word?—a Saviour. That signifies that He will be to us the means of the forgiveness of our sins. And not only of the forgiveness of our sins, but of our deliverance from them. We have so to know Christ that He will be to us who already understand what we ought to do, the desire and the strength to do it. And for that purpose there is enough in the doctrines of the Divinity and the Atonement that is quite within the comprehension of every one of us.

Take the Divinity first. The Doctrine of the Divinity has to tell us that Christ is able to forgive us our sins. Jesus did this when He was upon the earth. 'Son,' He said, 'thy sins are forgiven thee.' Had He this power as a man? No one would for a moment allow it. For no one believes that one man can forgive the sins of another man. The Jews were entirely right when they said, 'Who can forgive sins but God only?'

It is provoking to find that just here Mr. RAVEN deserts us. He has said so much about Christ that is altogether acceptable, and he has said it so supremely well, that it is with the keenest disappointment we discover that his doctrine of the Divinity of Christ stops short of Godhead. He knows quite well that the doctrines of Christianity are useless unless they give us a Christ who can save. In his Introduction he says, 'A theology if it is to be acceptable must not only be subjected to the enquiry, "Is this true?" but to the sterner question, "Does this work? Does it save souls?"' And it is not that he is troubled about the difficulty of understanding the doctrine of Christ's Divinity. He stops short of Deity quite unexpectedly. The only reason we can find for it is that he is determined not to introduce anything that would be offensive to the scientific reason. But to admit that there is a God at all is to exceed the range of physical science. To admit that Jesus was God may be one step more, but after the other it is a perfectly reasonable step. In any case, Mr. RAVEN concludes that Jesus the Christ did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from such

men as we are, and thereby makes His Divinity of none effect. If Jesus was not God in any sense in which it is folly to talk of men as gods, there is no such doctrine as a doctrine of His Divinity.

The other doctrine that is essential to a Christ that can save is the doctrine of His Atonement. And here also Mr. RAVEN falls short. We are again disappointed, but this time perhaps it is not so unexpected.

There are two things which the Atonement of Christ has to accomplish. It has to make us sorry for our sins, and it has to satisfy the righteousness of God. Mr. RAVEN writes admirably of the effect of the cross of Christ in making a man truly sorry for his sins, and ready to return to God. For one thing, he speaks out fearlessly about sin itself. 'Unpopular as is such a beginning nowadays, sin, the fact of sin, is the only sound starting-point for religion. It is in their rejection of the Fall of man, or of the condition of mankind which this unpleasant doctrine purports to account for, that the typically modern theories, theological and political, make the blunder that is their undoing.'

'And sin,' he goes on, 'as every one knows who has ever felt its power, is no superficial blemish. No mere palliative, no surface treatment is any use. It needs the knife; and we must cut deep. Indeed the only language at all appropriate to the magnitude of the change required is that of Scripture. We want a new birth: our flesh "must come again like the flesh of a little child" if we are to be clean: we must "die unto sin" if we are to "live unto righteousness." What we require is something that will literally lift us out of ourselves. For the old theologians were right when they said that the primal sin was pride, selfishness; and only by escaping self can we escape sin. Is there any power that can set us free? How is a man to be delivered from the burden of this death?'

And he is just as admirable in what he proceeds

to say about love—the vision of the love of Christ on the cross in its effect upon us, making us repent of our sinfulness and bringing us into such a response of love that we say, ‘I will arise and go to my Father.’ It is all admirable; but it is not enough.

We may doubt if the vision of the love of any man, even the love of the man Christ Jesus, is enough to kindle the response of love in the heart of every other man. When Paul’s heart is kindled by it he sees something more in the cross of Christ than the love of one individual man for other men. He always sees what we might call a representativeness in the death of Christ. Thus he says, ‘The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died.’ That representativeness of the cross of Christ is impossible in any real sense upon Mr. RAVEN’S doctrine of His Divinity. For it implies a relationship to the universe of God which no mere man can sustain. That relationship belongs to the doctrine of Christ’s Divinity. Rejecting the Divinity, Mr. RAVEN has no place for it in the Atonement.

The universe is hung upon a law of righteous-

ness. All its motions are orderly. It reflects the orderly mind of God. When a man by his sinfulness breaks through that orderly movement it is not enough that he should be sorry for it. It is enough for him, but it is not enough for the universe. In the physical sphere, if a man by his carelessness smashes the tooth of a wheel, it is not enough that he should say he is sorry for it. The interruption to the even flow of the machinery must be removed. So is it in the moral sphere. Even more so, because the adjustments of the moral order are more delicate than those of the physical order. Our own conscience demands reparation as well as repentance. The conscience of the whole universe demands it. And since it is notorious that a man cannot make reparation for the evil he has done in the universe of God’s moral order, it falls upon Christ, who is the power of God and the wisdom of God, to make that reparation as an essential part of His Atonement.

Is this too difficult for the ordinary intelligence? We do not think so. We have never found it so. The ordinary intelligence is never really at rest in repentance for sin until it recognizes that Christ has made reparation for the wrong that sin has brought into the world.

The Psalter and the Present Distress.

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TO-DAY we are being swept along by forces which we can neither persuade nor control, and there are moods in which we almost permit ourselves to be convinced of what some one has rather cynically called the futility of all human discussion. Yet the man who has nothing to say to the sorrows and the horror, the tragedy and the welter, of the world to-day, has nothing to say at all: for what are they but the general sorrows and tragedies of men ‘writ large’? The mystery we face and the burden we carry to-day is, though doubtless on a stupendous scale, the mystery and the burden

which men have borne from the beginning. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but so is man, so also is human life. We are not ‘the first that ever burst’ into this tempestuous sea. The men who wrote the Psalms and the men who all down the ages have sung them were tossed upon it too; and it is just here that the Psalter can render us its inestimable service. It was out of the depths of a sorrow as keen as ours that the Psalmists cried to God, and the deep of our experience answers to the deep of theirs. They knew what was in man, and that is why they

find us to-day. They knew the strangeness and the sorrow of life, but amidst it all they also knew God to be their Shelter and their Strength. Never have there been men who felt the pathos of life more keenly. It was to them a mystery, and they knew that by searching they could never fully find it out, but they sought, like the brave men they were, till sometimes their hearts grew bitter and throbbed with pain (Ps 72^{2, 3, 16, 21}). Their voice that 'sense of tears in mortal things' which is felt by all who look with fearless eyes at the pain and surprises of life. They exhaust the range of metaphor in trying to express their sense of its frailty. It is like the grass or the meadow-flower, like a passing shadow, like a dark night, like a breath that passes and never returns. And the enemies are there too. Throughout the whole length of the Psalter, and even in the briefest and the gentlest Psalms like the twenty-third, you can hear their stealthy tread and listen to their venomous words: and ever and anon there falls upon the ear the sob of a breaking heart that longs to fly away and be at rest and lodge in the wilderness, far from the stormy wind and tempest (55^{6f}).

In such a world, or at least with such a mood upon them, the Psalmists feel their homelessness: they are but pilgrims and strangers in the earth. They suffer and they toil, rising early and sitting down late to the evening meal and eating the bread of sorrows (127²). They have no hope or comfort but in God; but in Him they can rest like a weaned child on the bosom of his mother (131²). Small wonder that the words of men who looked into life with such stern sorrow in their eyes should have found all through the centuries an echo in the hearts of other men bowed by the weight of grief or persecution or war. In all times of distress, when men and nations were walking through the valley of the deep shadow, their words have been a comfort and an inspiration—to men like the Huguenots, the Covenanters, and many another in their grim battles for justice and for freedom. The well of the Psalter is very deep, and we, like these men, may draw from it. Indeed, it is not so much a well as a river, whose streams through many an age have made glad the city of God.

The world of the Psalmists was a world of conflict—of peril, darkness, and tragedy; but through their darkness flashed rays of the heavenly light, or we might more truly say that their dark-

ness was pierced by a mild yet steady light which not seldom shone so brightly as to chase it all away. For, as the darkness and the light are both alike to God, so the Psalmists, each in his own measure, tasted something of that divine superiority to the chances and changes of human fortune. 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed' (57⁷). They are not afraid though the mountains be torn up by the roots and flung into the sea. If only Almighty God is with them, how can flesh harm them (56⁴)? So with quiet hearts they lie down amid perils (4⁸) refreshed and sustained by the God who never slumbers nor sleeps (121⁴).

The despondency and sorrow which crush so many a heart to-day had already been felt and voiced by the singers of the olden time—by men who asked:

Is His love clean vanished for ever?
Is His faithfulness utterly gone?
Hath God forgotten to be gracious,
Or in anger shut up His compassion? (77^{8f}).¹

They have been voiced by men who say:

My spirit is faint within me,
My heart is bewildered within me.
I remember the days of old,
And brood over all Thou hast done (143^{4f}).

In our time, as in the days of the Psalmists, there are men who 'fret themselves because of evil-doers and of the men who bring wicked devices to pass.' There are hearts that do not know how to answer the challenge of the sceptic when he asks, 'Where is now thy God?' To-day, as of old, there are those who cry:

How long shall the wicked, O Lord,
How long shall the wicked exult,
With their blustering arrogant words,
Their braggart and wicked speech,
Crushing Thy people, O Lord,
And afflicting Thy heritage,
Murdering widows and sojourners,
Slaying the fatherless? (94²⁻⁶).

There are those whose faith has been staggered till

Their feet were almost gone,
Their steps had well-nigh slipped (73²),

and who have been driven to say for a season:

So I sought to understand it,
But a wearisome task it seemed (73¹⁶).

It is not only, however, that the larger features of those ancient songs are reproduced in the experi-

¹ The translations I have taken from my *Psalms in Modern Speech* (Jas. Clarke & Co.).

ence of to-day, but even many of the details, though one does not look for details in poetry like the Psalms. The lines which describe the cruel and resolute craft with which the enemies of Israel planned their wars might have been written to-day:

For see! Thine enemies roar,
They that hate Thee lift up their head,
Laying crafty plans for Thy people
And plotting against Thy jewels.
'Come, let us blot them out as a nation,
That Israel's name be remembered no more' (83²⁻⁴).

And then comes the muster of nations from the various parts of that small world, which reminds us of the muster to-day from the ends of the earth:

For, conspiring with one accord,
They have made a league against Thee—
Tents of Edom and Ishmaelites,
Moab, and the Hagrites,
Geba and Ammon and Amalek,
Philistia, with the people of Tyre (83⁵⁻⁷).

To-day too, and on a more terrific scale, we have seen

Kings of the earth conspiring
And rulers consulting together

to snap the bonds and fling away the cords that bind human society together (2^{2f}). To-day, as then, we have the policy of frightfulness. To-day, as then, we have baby-killers, and to-day, as then, there is the thirst for reprisals:

Happy be he who shall recompense thee
For all thou hast done unto us.
Happy be he who shall seize and dash
Thy children against the rocks (137^{8f}).

To-day, as then with Edom and Israel, two brother nations are fighting, nations whose languages are closely akin, and the one is saying of the capital city of the other:

Lay her bare, lay her bare,
Right down to her very foundation (137⁷).

To-day we know something of the terror that flieth by night—a terror all the more terrible that it is not the creation of nature, but the work of malignant genius. It is a time when

Nations roar and kingdoms totter,
He utters His voice, earth melteth away (46⁶).

Now, as then, we have the clashing of two cultures. The background of the later Psalms which we know as the Maccabean is the struggle of the Greek and the Hebrew, not very unlike the titanic struggle

which is being waged to-day. Then, the representatives of the one culture were seeking to impose it by force upon the representatives of the other, and the champions of the spiritual order resisted the encroachment even unto blood. With the 'high praises of God in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand' (149⁶) they fought to the death, not to extend their culture over nations that resented it, but in defence of their own peculiar life. They did not fight for dominion, but for freedom to live their own life, to exercise their own religion, to preserve the type which had been handed down from the ancient days, and which had made them the distinctive people that they were.

Then, again, we are brought near to the experience of the Psalmists, not only by the circumstances of the days in which we live and the struggles which we face, but also by the temper—the fierce and vindictive temper—which is begotten of such struggles. Through many a Psalm breathes the wild and cruel spirit of war:

I chased the foe till I caught them,
And turned not till I made an end of them.
I smashed them—they could not rise—
They fell beneath my feet.
I beat them like dust of the market-place,
Stamped them like mud of the streets (18^{37f. 42}).

Some of the most brilliant Psalms are songs of praise for victory in war:

God arises, His enemies scatter;
They that hate Him flee before Him.
As smoke before wind is driven,
As wax doth melt before fire,
So before God vanish the wicked (68^{1ff.}).

Again:

Everywhere heathen swarmed round me;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down.
They swarmed, yea, swarmed around me;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down.
They swarmed around me like bees,
They blazed like a fire of thorns;
In the name of the Lord I cut them down (118¹⁰⁻¹²).

There are pictures not a few of the hideous havoc wrought by war, and it is no accident that these pictures are most detailed and vivid when the havoc was wrought upon the things and the places dear to the religious heart. For nothing so stirred the Jews to sorrowful indignation as the desecration of the holy and beautiful house in which they had worshipped the God of the fathers. They are grieved to the soul when the blood of the saints

was poured out like water, and the dead were left for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to devour (79²); but they were grieved with a sorrow too deep for words, when the house of God was defaced or destroyed by the ravages of war; and, with the fate of Rheims and many another ancient and famous church before our eyes, we can enter into the sorrowful soul of the Psalmist who lamented:

Like lions Thine enemies roared through Thy house,
Replacing our symbols by signs of their own,
Hacking, like woodsmen that lift
Axes on thickets of trees,
Smashing with hatchets and hammers
All of its carved work together.
They have set Thy temple on fire,
To the very ground they have outraged
The place where dwelleth Thy name.
They have said in their heart, 'Let us utterly smite them.'
They have burned all the houses of God in the land
(74⁴⁻⁸).

In the light of all this it is not so very difficult to understand the passion and the fury with which the outraged heart reacted upon these things. We used to shudder at the imprecatory Psalms, and let us hope we shudder still—for we have not so learned Christ; but we, who have seen in these latter days what antecedently we could never have believed of the horrors and the inhumanities of war, are able to understand those Psalms as they have seldom been understood since the flaming words leaped from torn and bleeding hearts. We could not take their dreadful prayers upon our lips: we could not ask God to feast our eyes upon our foes, or to grant that our feet might be washed in the blood of the wicked. But too well we understand to-day the mood from which such prayers can spring.

O Lord, Thou God of vengeance,
Thou God of vengeance, shine forth.
Lift Thee up, Thou Judge of the earth,
And pay their deserts to the proud (94¹⁶).

Perhaps nowhere does this passion of resentment blaze out more fiercely than in the eighty-third Psalm:

Deal Thou with them as with Sisera,
And with Jabin at the torrent of Kishon,
Who at Endor were destroyed,
And became as dung for the ground.
Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb,
All their princes like Zebah and Zalmunna,
Who have said, 'Let us take to ourselves
The dwellings of God in possession.'

Whirl them, my God, like dust,
Like stubble before the wind.
As the fire that kindleth the forest,
As flame that sets mountains ablaze,
So with Thy tempest pursue them,
And terrify them with Thy hurricane.
Fill with dishonour their faces,
That they seek Thy name, O Lord.
Everlasting shame and confusion,
Disgrace and destruction be theirs.
Teach them that Thou alone
Art most high over all the earth (vv. 9-18).

These hymns of hate were sung by good men whose hearts were stung by grief and cruelty into bitter vindictiveness. They are not the expression of national spite, they are not a mere cry to the national God to avenge the people who worship Him; they are a cry to the God of all the earth to avenge the moral order of the world, which had been wronged by the cruelty and rapacity of those who are denounced. In essence they are nothing but the vehement expression of a belief in the moral order, and of the desire to see its consummation hastened upon the arena of history. The men whom the Psalmists hate and curse are not cursed as the enemies of Israel, but as the enemies of God and His law: they are those who would dash children against the rocks, the cruel and the proud, who know no pity and no reverence, but who defy God and trample upon the instincts of justice and of mercy which lie deep in the unsophisticated heart.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the imprecations of which we have been speaking are not always found upon the lips of those who have so cruelly suffered. From some of those who have suffered most no such word is heard at all. The writer of the forty-second and forty-third Psalms prays for deliverance from crafty and crooked foes. 'It pierces me to the heart,' he tells us,

To hear the enemy's taunts,
As all the day long they say to me,
'Where is thy God?' (42¹⁰).

But he calls down no fire from heaven upon the men who pressed him so hard. 'O soul of mine,' he simply says,

O soul of mine, why art thou downcast?
And why art thou moaning within me?
Hope thou in God:
For yet shall I praise Him,
My Saviour, my God (v. 11).

There is no suffering in the Psalter so keen as that revealed in the sorrowful words of the twenty-second Psalm—words which our Saviour made His own in the hour of His agony; and yet no imprecation rises to the lips of him who poured out his soul in that Psalm. We are reminded of the noble words of Job towards the end of the great speech in which he vindicates his character and which touches the highest point of Old Testament morality:

I never rejoiced at an enemy's fall,
Nor triumphed when any misfortune befel him:
I never have suffered my mouth to sin
By demanding his life in an imprecation (31^{29f.}).

But these lofty heights of self-control were scaled by few; and alike in their general circumstances and in their temper those distant days lie very close to the circumstances and the temper of to-day.

THE NOTE OF JOY.

Now before going on to point out some of the lessons which the Psalter is fitted to teach us to-day, it is worth our while, in the midst of all these grim realities, to remember how the Psalter

begins and ends. It begins and ends upon a note of joy. It begins, 'Happy is the man who goes on his way' with the law of God in his heart. The Psalter is full of sorrow and strife, of perplexity and problems, of sobs and sighs; yet here, at the very beginning, is the answer, in anticipation, to all those doubts and fears. The Psalm assures us that, even in such a world as this, there may be such a thing as a happy man. And again, through all the sorrows which crowd its pages, the note of joy rings out—so much so indeed that the Hebrew title for the Psalter is The Book of Praises—but from the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm the chorus of praise grows louder and louder till, in the end, the whole universe is called upon to offer its multitudinous song of praise to Jehovah. It was the joyous recognition of the fact that, despite all seeming, the purpose of God goes marching on; that the world is in Hands as strong as they are kind; that the King of the ages, who could maintain His throne at the flood, could sit securely there for ever (29¹⁰). For His are the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end.

Literature.

TURKEY, GREECE, AND THE GREAT POWERS.

MR. G. F. ABBOTT is entitled to write about Turkey, for he is the author of *Turkey in Transition*, and he is also entitled to write about Greece, for he is the editor of *Greece in Evolution*. We cannot possibly give him the go-by and comfortably console ourselves with the indignant declaration that he knows nothing about it. But he has written a most disconcerting and even distressing book about Turkey and about Greece, and about the way in which we and our Allies have mismanaged both. Its title is *Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers: A Study in Friendship and Hate* (Scott; 7s. 6d. net).

It is a story of clever management on the part of the Central Powers, and especially Germany, first of Turkey and then of Greece. It is a story of almost incredibly stupid mismanagement of these countries, first of one and then of the other, on the part of the Entente Powers. Britain is

most to blame, according to Mr. Abbott, for the mismanagement of Turkey; France is most to blame for the mismanagement of Greece.

As regards Turkey, the first blunder, and it was a serious one, was the appropriation of the two Turkish war vessels which were almost ready for delivery when war broke out. Germany met that blunder by the present of two still better vessels, and gave them the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. We never recovered that first bad step. But it was not the only blunder committed by the one side or taken advantage of by the other. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Abbott, 'when we contemplate the evolution of the various belligerents' policy towards Turkey, as it has been set out in the foregoing pages, we cannot avoid sharing Sir Edward Grey's naïve wonder "that the inevitable catastrophe did not come sooner."'

The mistakes we have made with Greece are still more numerous and still more inexcusable. But their responsibility belongs to French diplomacy rather than to British. Mr. Abbott

cannot see that King Constantine could at any stage of the worrying proceedings of the Allies have acted otherwise than he did. He does not allow that he is in any sense, or ever has been, a pro-German; he simply had to try to save his country from ruin. Mr. Abbott has a great opinion of Venizelos as a statesman, but he holds that his policy was impossible, simply because we were not able to support our promises with deeds. One has a suspicion that Constantine is not quite so single-minded a patriot as Mr. Abbott makes him out to be. That he has had an understanding with the Kaiser for some time does not seem to admit of any doubt. That he behaved treacherously in the beginning of last December is absolutely certain. Nor is it easy to believe that all our diplomats can be so incapable as Mr. Abbott makes them out to be. It is true that he does not blame the man on the spot, for ambassadors, he says, are nowadays merely outrageously well-paid clerks. It is the Foreign Offices that have been at fault. But surely even Foreign Offices are not so unanimously ignorant or wrong-headed that they should never once have stumbled upon the right method with either Turkey or Greece. The future will reveal something that is now dark. Meanwhile we have Mr. Abbott's book for one side of the argument.

WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

There has now been published the eighth and last volume of the Standard Edition of *The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.*, edited by Nehemiah Curnock (Kelly; 8 vols., £4, 4s. net). One could wish very heartily that the editor had lived to see the last volume of his great work out of the hands of the printer and binder. But he did not grudge his going. He felt indeed that 'a gracious Providence had lengthened out his life in order that he might pay this service to the memory of John Wesley, and the tributes to the Standard Edition which reached him from all quarters gave him the purest pleasure.'

All one can say now is that the name of Nehemiah Curnock will henceforth be associated with that of John Wesley. For this is editing that only once in a century or thereby a book receives. Few books are worthy of it, and the worthy book has not always the good fortune to obtain it.

The eighth volume ends with an Index to the

whole work; an index which occupies about one hundred and twenty closely printed pages, in double column; an index which, we are confident, may be relied upon, for it has all the appearance of painstaking accuracy characteristic of a standard edition; an index which will be of inestimable service to those who are fortunate enough to have so great an edition of so great a book at hand for constant reference.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The subject of *Distributive Justice* (Macmillan; \$1.50) has been discussed in all its economic aspects with masterly fairness by John A. Ryan, D.D., Associate Professor of Political Science at the Catholic University of America. As a Roman Catholic, Professor Ryan writes under a certain limitation. Wherever there is a papal pronouncement on his subject he has to accept and defend it. It can scarcely be said, however, that this is a disablement, because these pronouncements are for the most part, if not invariably, in favour of the man in possession, while Professor Ryan's own sympathies are with the man who is still out of possession. Were he not a Roman Catholic he might run into Socialism, and he might run a good long way in. He is held on the brink by some Encyclical. Thus, if he were left alone, we think from his sympathies that he would deny the right of private ownership in land. He traces the history of what is called the natural right of land ownership through the Church Fathers, and shows how strong is the theological opinion against it. But Aquinas pronounced private property to be necessary for human life. Cardinal de Lugo followed his example. And then Leo XIII. settled the matter in the Encyclical 'On the Condition of Labour.' Private property in land, said the Pope, is necessary to satisfy the wants present and future of the individual and his family, and he said to the State, 'Hands off!'

Professor Ryan writes in a fine spirit throughout, and with delightful lucidity of language. He ends with a warning which had better be heeded in time. 'Although the attainment of greater justice in distribution is the primary and most urgent need of our time, it is not the only one that is of great importance. No conceivable method of distributing the present national product would provide every family with the means of supporting an

automobile, or any equivalent symbol of comfort. Indeed, there are indications that the present amount of product per capita cannot long be maintained without better conservation of our natural resources, the abandonment of our national habits of wastefulness, more scientific methods of soil cultivation, and vastly greater efficiency on the part of both capital and labour. Nor is this all. Neither just distribution nor increased production, nor both combined, will insure a stable and satisfactory social order without a considerable change in human hearts and ideals. The rich must cease to put their faith in material things, and rise to a simpler and saner plane of living; the middle classes and the poor must give up their envy and snobbish imitation of the false and degrading standards of the opulent classes; and all must learn the elementary lesson that the path to achievements worth while leads through the field of hard and honest labour, not of lucky "deals" or gouging of the neighbour, and that the only life worth living is that in which one's cherished wants are few, simple, and noble. For the adoption and pursuit of these ideals the most necessary requisite is a revival of genuine religion.'

MEDIÆVAL JEWISH PHILOSOPHY.

A History of Mediaeval Jewish Philosophy has been written by Isaac Husik, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net). In an Introduction of fifty pages, Professor Husik introduces us into the atmosphere in which Jewish thinkers of the Middle Ages had to do their thinking. Although made up of a good many elements, some of which had come from a long way off, it was nevertheless an atmosphere that was distinctly cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined. Two instruments the Jewish philosopher had to work with: first, the Bible, together with the Mishna and the Talmud; next, his own reasoning powers. But the peculiarity of his position was that these two sources of thought were never, and never could be, set in opposition. The Bible was the authority full and final, for the Jewish philosopher never doubted its inspiration. The reason had therefore to be occupied in the interpretation of it. And, fortunately for philosophy, the Bible is of such a nature that it offers pretty nearly limitless scope and diversity of interpretation.

After the Introduction, which is a piece of excellent writing, full of information and interest, the philosophers are dealt with separately. They range from the beginning of the rationalistic movement in mediæval Jewry among the Karaites and Rabbanites of the ninth and tenth centuries in Babylon right down to its decline in Spain and the south of France in the fifteenth century. Professor Husik traces the ascendancy curve of this movement from Saadia through Gabirol, Bahya, and Ibn Daud till it reaches its highest attainment in Maimonides; and then he follows its descent through Levi Ben Gerson to Crescas and Albo.

It is a history of philosophy, not of philosophers. Although the men are treated separately, each in his own chapter, long or short according to his importance, there is little biography, there is little attention given to personal peculiarity. Every man's philosophical inheritance is noted, and then the use he made of that inheritance is fully described, and the difference of the whole philosophical outlook as he passed that inheritance on to his successor. It is a book which might have been difficult to read. It could have been stuffed with outlandish expressions and outrageous ideas. It is a book, on the contrary, which the least philosophically instructed person may read with ease and probably will read with quite unexpected pleasure.

AUTHORITY, LIBERTY, AND FUNCTION.

Between March 1915 and June 1916 a series of articles appeared in the *New Age*, written by M. Ramiro de Maeztu. These articles have been republished under the title of *Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War* (Allen; 4s. 6d. net). There are two ideals of life. The German ideal is authority. The British ideal is liberty. They are both wrong. The true ideal is function. Each individual in the State recognizes the value of his own life, and is prepared to give it up in self-sacrifice for the good of the State. His personal power or energy is to be directed, not for his own advantage, but for the benefit of society, and in relation to a well-defined function. But no abstract of ours will do justice to the author's argument; we must give his own abstract of it. 'The principle of function is a better

base of societies than the principles of authority and liberty. It is better because it is more just. And when I say that it is more just I assert in the principle of function a quality independent of the wills of men. It is more just whether they like it or not. But in order to triumph it is necessary that men should like it—all men; or at any rate the most powerful and influential. How can they be made to like it? The way will be prepared by the historians who study the present war. I myself have no doubt that its horrors must be attributed to the fact that the world has fallen a prey to the two antagonistic and incompatible principles of authority and liberty. The war will have shown that the more unjust of these two principles—although the more efficient—is that of unlimited authority. It is the more unjust because no man has a subjective right to command others. It is the more efficient, provided that the authorities are not stupid, because it unifies the social forces in the direction prescribed by the authority, and because it implies a principle of order. The mere fact that a combination of half the world was necessary to defeat Germany is proof of its efficiency. The strength of the liberal principle lies in its respect for vocation. But in the liberal principle there is no efficiency, for there is no unity of direction. Nor is there justice in it, for it allows some individuals to invade the field of others. The idea of liberty leads men to act as if every letter printed in this article expanded right and left and tried to conquer the space occupied by the adjoining letters. The result of absolute liberty is universal confusion. But the reason why both these principles of authority and liberty should be rejected is the same for each: that both principles are founded on subjective rights. And these rights are false. Nobody has a subjective right to anything; neither rulers nor ruled.

'This conclusion will be reached by historians and thinkers. But that is not enough. It is not enough for men to know that it is necessary to sacrifice all kinds of rights founded on personality in order to establish society on a firm basis of justice. Personality must be sacrificed. That is not only a theory but action. The critique may refute authority and liberty as bases of society. But to the conviction that our true life consists in being functionaries of absolute values we arrive only by an act of faith, in which we deny that our

ego is the centre of the world, and we make of it a servant of the good. This act of faith is a kind of suicide, but it is a death followed immediately by resurrection. What we lose as personalities we reconquer, multiplied, as functionaries. The man who asks for money simply for himself cannot ask for it with the same moral confidence as he who asks for it in order to study a problem or to create social wealth. St. Paul says (1 Cor. xv. 44) that in death "It is sown a natural body," but that in the resurrection "It is raised a spiritual body." The doctrine of Death and Resurrection opens also the way for the submission of man to higher things.'

When you take up a book like *Portraits of Women of the New Testament*, and see how many there were of them, and how important was their place, you wonder if there is any particular in which the Church has departed more from the New Testament example than in this, that it has cleared women out of its councils. The Rev. Thomas E. Miller, M.A., tells the story of no fewer than twenty-four women. What would the New Testament be without them? How different would it be if even the women called Mary were all cut out of it. Let us give the women their place again, that the Church may recover its power in the world. Let us read this book and see the variety of character and the all-pervasiveness of influence of the women of the New Testament (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net).

A complete and convenient account of *The German Colonial Empire* has been written by Paolo Giordani, and translated into English by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton (Bell; 2s. 6d. net). It is a book to read right through and then to have at hand. For no doubt there is more to be said about the German colonies yet, and we ought, every one of us, to know the facts.

The Revised Version is being gradually edited for the use of schools. It forms a distinct series from that of the 'Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.' It is distinct also from the little white shilling series, which works on the Authorized Version. *The Books of Ezra and Nehemiah* have been edited by the Rev. T. W. Crafer, D.D. (Cambridge: At the University Press; 1s. 6d. net). *Ezra and Nehemiah* are better books for school

reading than some Old Testament books that are more popular with schoolmasters. The historical and the heroic element in them both appeal strongly to the pupil. And this is an ideal edition for the purpose. Dr. Crafer has strictly confined his notes to the explanation of the text before him. There are many theories, such as Dr. Torrey's that no Ezra ever existed, but he does not waste words over them.

Are we aware in this country how systematically and how extensively they are studying the English Bible in America? We may see it in their magazines, or in the occasional issue of their handbooks. Thus, in connexion with the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Dr. Herbert L. Willett has issued a handbook on *The Message of the Prophets of Israel to the Twentieth Century* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net). With its arrangement of material according to the days of the month and its searching review questions, nothing could be more workmanlike.

In *The Struggle for Justice* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 1s. 3d. net), Mr. Lewis Wallis maintains with much force of language that our orthodox religion is seriously defective in its individualism. The doctrine of personal salvation, he says, is not Biblical. It does not recognize the social problem. 'Orthodox theology was developed under the influence of the upper social classes, which, as a rule, have not wanted the subject of property to be brought into any sort of connection with religion.'

At the Cambridge University Press there is published a volume of lectures which were delivered at the summer meeting in Cambridge in 1916 by members of the University. They differ from the usual summer meeting lectures in that they are occupied entirely with one subject. That subject is, according to the title of the book, *The Elements of Pain and Conflict in Human Life, considered from a Christian Point of View* (4s. 6d. net). There are five lecturers, each of whom delivered two lectures: Professor Sorley on Theism and Modern Thought; Professor Oman on Human Freedom and War; Dr. Tennant on the Existence of Moral Evil and the Problem of Suffering; Professor Stanton on Providence and

Prayer; Dr. Moore Ede on Competition as between Individuals and Classes and as between Nations. Now of all these topics the most important at the present moment is unquestionably the doctrine of Providence. Professor Stanton, who edits the book, has handled that topic himself. He has done so wisely, circumspectly, quietly, helpfully. It is a notable chapter in a notable book.

It is a long, long way from Suvla Bay; but Suvla Bay can never be forgotten. But if any of us, not having been there to have the memory of it cut into our souls, should even for a day be inclined to forget the wonder of its sacrifice, let us have beside us always *At Suvla Bay*, the Notes and Sketches made by John Hargrave of the 32nd Field Ambulance (Constable; 5s. net). No other record that we have seen can touch it, in respect either of the writing or of the illustrating. And the two come together irresistibly.

How are we to bear the trials that have come upon us and are coming? By looking unto Jesus. The Rev. Simson Wallace knows no other way. But not by looking unto Jesus as an inoffensive and involuntary Sufferer. It is by looking unto Him who saw the cross before He entered the world, who came deliberately to bear it, who took every step of His life in the direction of it, and who overcame the world by means of it. In identification with this Jesus by faith we make our cross our victory, and not otherwise. It is a volume of sermons; the title is *Enduring the Cross* (Edinburgh: Henderson; 2s. 6d. net). They are the sermons we all have to begin to preach when the men come back.

Those of us who have read the simple manly story of the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy's life with 'The Immortal Seventh Division' will certainly be glad to hear that a selection has been made from his sermons and published. The title is *Soul Attitudes* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). They will also be glad to find that they are not five-minute sermons with nothing in them, such as soldiers are supposed to rejoice in, but evangelical and expository, every one of them handling a big subject and handling it worthily. It is true that Mr. Kennedy had little interest in the speculative theology that used to pass for preaching. The issues to him are practical: 'This do and thou

shalt live.' But he is great in illustration, determined, like St. Paul, to be all things to all men if by all means he may save some.

It is interesting to be able to associate a man with a doctrine. We always associate the name of Sydney H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc., with the doctrine of immortality. We need not recall all that he has written on that subject; it must be a good deal. For, as we say, we keep thinking of it and him together. But the most elaborate and the greatest thing that he has written is his latest book, entitled *Eternal Life Here and Hereafter* (Lindsey Press; 2s. net). Let us remark first of all that it is an extraordinarily cheap book, considering its size and the amount of hard thinking and good writing that it contains. The title is *Eternal Life*; but the subject is *Immortality*. Of course Dr. Mellone is concerned with the quality of the life to come, but his attention is given to the fact. And if we do not obtain the continuance of life, it is no use talking about the nature of it. The enemy of the belief in a life to come is the idea of steady progress in this life and contentment with that. Dr. Mellone does not oppose the idea, but he is not content with it. He finds both thoughts in the teaching of Jesus. The Kingdom of God comes in this life, and the Kingdom of God does not come until this life is over. 'The contradiction,' he says, 'is only apparent, and vanishes when we perceive that the ethical motive can work without any setting of apocalyptic expectations. None the less it is ever a hope and faith about the *future*; and its final confirmation must be sought for, not "behind the veil," but in an experience and insight of the *present* which time cannot destroy.'

Any one who happens to pick up from the bookseller's counter a book entitled *The Spiritual Ascent of Man* (University of London Press; 5s. net), and sees that it is introduced by the Master of Balliol, will very likely turn to that Introduction and read it. And when he has read the Introduction, which he can do standing at the counter, he will be sure to buy the book. For in three short pages the Master has said all that should be said, and said it perfectly.

The book has been written by Dr. W. Tudor Jones as an encouragement, to those who must have reason for the faith that is in them, to ap-

proach Christianity by the way of philosophy. Dr. Jones is sure that when the war is over men will turn their attention to the things of religion as they never did before. Well, Christianity will stand the scrutiny.

It is one of the most astonishing books that the war has produced or is likely to produce. We knew that science is in harmony; we now see that philosophy is in harmony also. And not with a religion that has no pith or moment in it, but with the Christian religion, with the religion of the Incarnation: 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among them' is the last word of philosophy, the philosophy of the beginning of the twentieth century. 'All the results of science, philosophy, and history can be accepted as the clothing of Christianity, for all these leave untouched the *nucleus* of the Christian Religion. That nucleus has ever been, ever is, and ever will be the same. And Christianity by means of this nucleus is capable of granting man what he needs. The essence of the nucleus is the eternal fact revealed in the life of the Founder—the union of the Divine and the Human. This message of Christianity, exemplified in the life and death of the Founder, is the final solution to the riddles of the universe and of life. There is no possibility of saying anything further on the subject. God was revealed in Christ, and this glad message has had a history of nearly two thousand years, and has healed the wounds of humanity in every age and clime.' With such a word as that we can take courage and go forward.

Those who have strength of will to read this book on *Strength of Will*, by the Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net), and who practise its precepts, will have more strength of will at the end than they had at the beginning. There is much in the book about the will—the awakening of the will, the maladies of the will. But the purpose of it is to strengthen the will, and to that end definite exercises are enjoined for every day of the month. And not only are definite daily exercises enjoined; maxims are laid down to be remembered and practised on every occasion on which the will comes into exercise. It is a practical book. And surely the practice of it must have done men good; for, although published in December 1915, it had already reached a fourth impression by August 1916.

Mr. Horace J. Bridges has written 'a Book for Laymen and the Unchurched.' His object is excellent. He would show laymen and the unchurched that in rejecting religion they reject much good. He would show them that they miss half the joy and all the glory of life. And why should they reject it? Religion, he says, is not really an unreasonable thing. It is only the theologians and religious experts that have made it so. It is a matter of actual experience. Any man may experience it. And beyond the actual experience of any man no man need trouble to go. So he calls his book *Some Outlines of the Religion of Experience* (Macmillan; \$1.50).

But religion is a wide word. What does he mean by it? He means Christianity. No doubt there are other forms of religion and some of them are very good forms. He is so pleased, for example, with the Greek religion of Socrates that he says, 'Divinity' can no more be denied to Socrates than to Jesus,' and again, 'He is, in short, a Saviour.' Still, Christianity is the best form of religion. Jesus is the best Man and the best Saviour.

But the experience of Christianity is not anything supernatural. There is no such experience. The Christianity which Mr. Bridges recommends to laymen and the unchurched is a Christianity in which there is no resurrection from the dead or any other abnormal experience. He accounts for such an idea as the resurrection of Jesus from the dead having got into Christianity by referring to the science of mythology. Myths and legends have a way of springing into life, no one can tell how. But, once there, they grow with amazing rapidity. He is therefore not at all surprised that within a few years after the death of Jesus the belief was universal among His followers that He had risen from the dead.

That is not quite satisfactory. Indeed, it is not at all satisfactory. Mr. Bridges must study this subject more than he has done. He himself is quite content with the teaching of Jesus, but he will find that laymen and the unchurched will no more be moved to repentance and salvation by the mere teaching of Jesus than by the teaching of Socrates. It is true they said, 'Never man spake as this man'; but it is also true that never man did what this Man did, or was what this Man was.

Road of Woman's Memory (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net)? That is the title of Miss Jane Addams's latest book. Now Miss Jane Addams knows how to write books and how to have them read. This book is all about a Devil Baby. If we had been writing the book we should have given that as the title; but she knows better.

A report went out that a Devil Baby had been born and was being kept in Hull-House, where Miss Addams lives. All kinds of people came to inquire about it, but mostly women, and most of all elderly women—the elderly women whose husbands had treated them ill, and who looked upon a Devil Baby as a judgment of God upon ill-treating husbands. They came, not for revenge—the desire for revenge on their husbands had long since passed away—but simply to be assured that there was justice in the world, justice for everybody in the long run. Miss Jane Addams talked to these women. She talked to all the women who came, and their number was enormous. She talked also to the men who came—for there were men who came, though few and sheepishly. And then she recorded her conversations with all these men and women, and the book was written. It was written, not for sensation or as mere biography, but in order to help the women's cause and to deliver them from the tyranny of the men.

Of course there was no Devil Baby. And how the story arose no one seems able to tell. But the women who came from all parts of the city of New York to see it knew all about it, though they had different versions of its origin. 'The Italian version, with a hundred variations, dealt with a pious Italian girl married to an atheist. Her husband in a rage had torn a holy picture from the bedroom wall saying that he would quite as soon have a devil in the house as such a thing, whereupon the devil incarnated himself in her coming child. As soon as the Devil Baby was born, he ran about the table shaking his finger in deep reproach at his father, who finally caught him and, in fear and trembling, brought him to Hull-House. When the residents there, in spite of the baby's shocking appearance, wishing to save his soul, took him to church for baptism, they found that the shawl was empty and the Devil Baby, fleeing from the holy water, was running lightly over the backs of the pews.

'The Jewish version, again with variations, was to the effect that the father of six daughters had

What do you make out of a title like *The Long*

said before the birth of a seventh child that he would rather have a devil in the family than another girl, whereupon 'the Devil Baby promptly appeared.'

Mr. Charles Villiers Stanford and Mr. Cecil Forsyth have co-operated in the writing of *A History of Music* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). One writes one chapter and another another throughout the book. Whether they have revised one another's chapters we cannot tell; at any rate the writing of the one is remarkably like the writing of the other. And the book derives nothing but advantage from the co-operation. It is a complete history, beginning at the beginning and going to the end, compassing the whole earth, and dealing with everything connected with music both vocal and instrumental. It is a popular history; it is not written either for the expert or for the student, but for the general reader. Not only is it written popularly, it is popularly illustrated. There are full-page portraits of all the great musicians. There are also many illustrations in the text of musical instruments, and some of the instruments have beautiful full-page illustrations to themselves.

The Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society, 1915-1916, has been published. In addition to certain notes by Professor J. H. Moulton and others, it contains three important papers: one on the Transmission of the *Kurān*, by Dr. Alphonse Mingana; one on the Origin of Chinese writing, by Professor E. H. Parker; and one on Ships as Evidence of the Migrations of Early Culture, by Professor G. Elliot Smith. The Journal contains also an abstract of a lecture, by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, the great Buddhist scholar, on *Nirvāna*. *Nirvāna* is the *summum bonum* of Buddhism. It is freedom from desire. Does that mean annihilation? Professor Poussin concludes that it does. But Sakyamuni's purpose was not to teach annihilation, but simply the crushing of all desire. His followers found that annihilation followed logically (Manchester: At the University Press; 5s. net).

Thirty Years of Conferences and Conventions in Scotland for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life have found their historian in the Rev. Norman C. Macfarlane. The book is called *Scotland's Keswick* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net). They have

found their biographer and theologian as well as their historian. Mr. Macfarlane has probably attended more of the meetings, known more of the men, and appreciated more of the teaching than any man who is still alive. So he has defended the theology point by point. He has sketched the character and career of the men. And he has comprehended the evolution of the whole complex movement in a way in which no one else could have done so completely and so characteristically, if indeed there is any one else alive who could have done it at all. And the book which he has written is an entertainment from first to last. Never were men or movements treated with more frank familiarity or, let us add, with more loving sympathy. Some men, it may be, will scarcely know themselves, so intimately appreciative is Mr. Macfarlane's estimate of them. But their friends will know them, and rarely think the praise too high. For these men—we may say it at least of those who have gone before—were of the desirable of the earth. It was true likeness to Christ that they sought; and coming from the land they came from, they were rarely flattered with phrases, or mistook emotion for spiritual life.

In Our Happy Dead (Morgan & Scott; 1s. 6d. net), Mr. Hugh D. Brown, M.A., B.L., recalls to us the plain teaching of Scripture regarding the souls and bodies of believers. There is no speculation; there is simple interpretation.

'Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?' The Rev. A. W. Gough, M.A., in one of the sermons which he has published under the title of *Repentance and Strength* (Nisbet; 2s. net), gives himself to the answering of that question. It is worth answering. It is worth answering because the nine did so much more than we give them credit for. And when we see how much they did, we see how much more the one did, and the difference it made to him. There are other examples of unexpected exposition in this book. Let preachers read it. They will find sermons in it.

The Church Pulpit Year Book, 1917, does not seem to differ from previous issues, unless it be that the notes are more numerous than formerly. There is no doubt that the work grows in value, and has probably become an indispensable addition to most libraries now (Nisbet; 2s. 6d. net).

Did ever an army contain so many men who were at once great fighters and great writers? The British Tommy need not say, 'A chiel's amang us takin' notes'; every other 'chie' seems to be at least capable of 'takin' notes' and then of illustrating the notes he 'taks.' Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's *Bullets and Billets* (Grant Richards; 5s. net) lifts its head above the multitude, first by the author's ability to say exactly what he sees and exactly what he feels, and next by his still more conspicuous ability to make a drawing of himself and his comrades just as they feel and are. It is the pictures that will sell the book in the first place, and that not because of their exaggeration, though they are often ludicrous enough, but just because they are not exaggerated, because the actual experiences of the men in the trenches throughout the first winter of the war were as ludicrously awful as these.

A very fair as well as a very competent statement of the spiritualistic problem will be found in a book entitled *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos*, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S. (Rider; 1s. net). It is from the hand of a man who believes in spiritualism.

Mr. Robert Scott is adding rapidly to his handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice. Four volumes appear together this month.

One is *The Prayer of Consecration*, by W. J. Sparrow Simpson, D.D. (2s. 6d. net), with an Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop of Oxford heartily approves of the book, for he says, 'I am in cordial agreement with the desire which it expresses that sanction should be obtained for an alteration (permissive not obligatory) in the order of the prayers in our present Communion Service, or, still better, for the alternative use of the liturgy in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.' This commendation does not express the full scope of the volume, which contains a complete history of the Prayer, with illustrative and affirmatory quotations from great writers throughout. Although its main purpose is no doubt expressed by Bishop Gore, it is really a contribution of some value to the general study of liturgics.

The next volume is entitled *Some Defects in English Religion* (2s. 6d. net). The author is the Rev. J. N. Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. This is a volume

of sermons. Its title does not cover all the sermons in it, only the first four. What are the defects in English religion which Dr. Figgis discovers? They are Sentimentalism, Legalism, Cowardice, and Complacency. The rest of the book is almost entirely devoted to the praise of love. There is a sermon on Bethlehem, or the helplessness of love, the text being, 'In a manger' (Lk 2⁷); a sermon on Carmel, or love contemplative—'He departed into a mountain to pray' (Mk 6⁴⁶); a sermon on Capernaum, or love active—'He went about doing good' (Ac 10³⁸); a sermon on Tabor, or love transfigured—'He was transfigured before them' (Mk 9²); a sermon on Jerusalem, or love acclaimed—'Hosanna to the Son of David' (Mt 21⁹); and a sermon on love triumphant, the text this time being, 'Christ, who is our life' (Col 3⁴).

The third volume contains twelve letters to one unsettled in the English Church. Its author is the Rev. T. J. Hardy, M.A.; its title *Catholic or Roman Catholic?* (2s. 6d. net). It is a re-statement and re-refutation of the claim of Rome. It is expressed with modern knowledge and with modern toleration. Letters written to prove a point are usually unreadable. This book will certainly be read.

'If the ghost of Renan were to visit the scenes he knew when he lived on earth he would find himself in a new world. Nor is it a world which he would appreciate. When he died in 1892, the young men of that day were his devout disciples, contemptuous of religion and patriotism, and considering the chief joys of life to be the joys of thought. The average young Frenchman of to-day has abandoned the attitude; he is intensely patriotic and probably religious as well, and rates the joy of action far above the joy of thought.' So says the Rev. G. C. Rawlinson, M.A., very simply and truthfully, when in his book on *Recent French Tendencies* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net)—the last of the four mentioned—he comes to speak of 'Les Jeunes.' It is a study in French religion, beginning with Renan and ending with Claudel. Not a few books about France have been published recently, but the picture of the religion of the Frenchman has always been wanting. This little book supplies it. It is a contribution to history, well-informed and without bias.

The lover of nature will revel in *My Devon Year*, by Eden Phillpotts (Scott; 2s. net). The observa-

tion is as minute as that of a botanist; but it is made for artistic delight, not for scientific classification. The facts are innumerable, yet they all have the place which nature gave them; all that the hand of the artist does is to draw our attention to them. Mr. Phillpotts sees and then shows—these are his two gifts, and they are both his beyond measure. Perhaps we might cut out a very small portion of one of the pictures. 'Thé lake and the shore, separated by a straight white road, blend indeed into a complete picture, yet preserve their characteristics, and yield obedience to the sea on one side and the lagoon upon the other. Those things that love the ley lie inland, while on the southern side thrive the creatures of salt soil and salt breezes. These stretch tendrils and nod blossoms to the sea; they venture over the sandy shingle even to the confines of high tides; they prosper in the rack of old storms, trail fair blossoms amid fragments from ancient wrecks and the orts and ruins of man's contrivances that have floated hither from the ships. Here, amid chaos of pebble and planes of sand, springs the sea-holly's silvery-blue foliage and darker bloom; various spurge-thrives beside it with green leaves and flowers, and the glaucous leaf of the horned poppy makes yet another shade of lovely silver-green against the more verdant growths and its own corn-coloured blossoms. The sea-convolvulus has a white star of five rays within her rosy chalice. She lies upon the sand and shines up at the rain-clouds; and not far distant the rare purple spurge still haunts these strands, and straggles ruddy upon them. Above the actual beach small things work an embroidery of brightness into the grass, and wild thyme and bedstraw spread their purple and gold underfoot. Here, too, the roundleaved mallow opens its pale eyes; while beside the mere grows that minute and most rare herb, the strap-wort; and the tiny littorella blooms close at hand in the marsh. Rabbits hop along the low dunes, and sheep graze there and shine very white after shearing.'

Concentration is necessary for most exercises; for prayer it is essential. What are the essential elements in prayer? The Rev. M. G. Archibald, M.A., has brought them together in *The Call to Prayer* (Scott; 6d. net).

The Rev. J. H. Molesworth, M.A., who knew Lord Kitchener in Egypt, has written an apprecia-

tion under the title of *A Soldier of God* (Scott; 6d. net). To this he has added two sermons, one on 'The Land of Far Distances,' preached in September 1914, the other on 'The New Era,' preached in August 1916.

The Rev. W. Hendy Cock, L.C.P., F.G.S., B.Sc., has made a short collection of *Thoughts on the Seven Words from the Cross* (Scott; 1s. net). They are mostly from well-known sources; but it is just these sources that we are apt to overlook.

Sixteen months before the declaration of war, Mr. M. Macdonald wrote to the *Matin* and offered to form a contingent of foreigners willing to serve as French soldiers in case of war. Why he believed even then that war was inevitable he tells us. He does not so plainly tell us why he enrolled as a private in a French regiment rather than in a British. He seemed to think it the most convenient thing to do, as he was living in Paris. It brought him no glory, little pay, and slow promotion. But it gave him the opportunity of describing the actual life of the French common soldier day by day; and we should think that no volume can be compared for realistic fidelity to that which he has written and called *Under the French Flag* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). It is an absolutely plain and unvarnished tale that he tells, the bare facts of every day's experience. But these bare facts are worth telling. Mr. Macdonald is unconscious of his own heroism, and for that matter he is unconscious of the heroism of the French soldier. But this simple narrative shows, beyond all the efforts of art, that the most ordinary human being is capable of incredible self-sacrifice, when an ideal such as the love of country has taken possession of him.

The new volume of *Greatheart*, the boys' and girls' missionary magazine of the United Free Church of Scotland, is much less warlike than it might have been—and for that many thanks. The editor, the Rev. G. A. Frank Knight, M.A., is as keen as any of us on the issues that are at stake, but he has refused to keep his children month after month in an atmosphere of strife. Indeed, the range of interest is as wide as ever; the illustrations and anecdotes come from all parts of the world. The bound volume makes a handsome

and acceptable birthday gift (United Free Church of Scotland Publication Offices.)

Mr. W. J. Clennell of H.M. Consular Service in China has a very unusual gift of clear writing. In a book entitled *The Historical Development of Religion in China* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net) he has undertaken to tell us all that is really worth our knowing of the religious beliefs and practices of the Chinese, and that in order of their evolution. It is just about as difficult a literary task as a man could undertake. For the religious beliefs and practices of the Chinese are nearly incomprehensible in their character, nearly inextricable in their confusion, and altogether uncountable in their number and variety. Why, Professor J. J.

M. de Groot of Leiden has written in English (because he had no hope of finding a sufficient audience in Dutch) an account of the religion of the Chinese in six immense volumes, and has only half-finished his task. And yet he has given a detailed account of only one small corner of China, the city and neighbourhood of Amoy. Yet Mr. Clennell, by his undoubted mastery of the subject, and still more by his mastery of the English language, has written an intelligible and even fascinating history of the progress of religion in China from prehistoric times until now—so fascinating that we undertake to say that not one of those who begin to read the book will lay it down unfinished, if they have to do so, without something like painfulness.

The East Messenger.

BY THE REV. J. M. CREED, M.A., FELLOW AND CHAPLAIN OF GONVILLE AND
CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

* But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son.'—Mt 21³⁷.

MODERN men find difficulty in ascribing finality to a Saviour who was born into the world nearly two thousand years ago, and lived in an environment different from their own. The difficulty is chiefly theoretical, but it is acute. There are indeed those who are disposed to regard all morality as convention, but those who believe in the validity of moral judgments do not, in point of fact, find the Gospel Ethic an unsatisfying ideal. The modern man's difficulty does not arise from the Parable of the Prodigal Son, nor is it suggested by deficiencies in the Sermon on the Mount, but it has its origin in a way of thinking which has become second nature. The question we instinctively ask to-day is not, What is this? but, How did this grow? Religion, like everything else that falls within human experience, is being reviewed in the light of the doctrine of Evolution. 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' asked St. John Baptist. Modern man seems forced on a *priori* grounds to look, not for one, but for many others yet to come. That is what paralyzes modern preaching.

The documents of the New Testament leave us in no doubt as to the attitude of the first Christians

to our Lord. To them He was the final word of God. In the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen our Lord gives His interpretation of the story of Israel. Jehovah had planted a vineyard, and let it out to husbandmen. Again and again had He sent His servants to receive the fruits, and as often had they been abused or martyred. At last the Lord of the vineyard sent His son, saying, They will reverence My son. That was the final act of God; it was the beginning of the end. The apostolic writings are in the same vein. In the opening verses of the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul declares himself to be 'an apostle, set apart for the gospel of God, which he promised beforehand by his prophets in the holy scriptures, concerning his Son, who has been born of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared Son of God in power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead—Jesus Christ our Lord.' In the Fourth Gospel Jesus is the Word of God made flesh, the absolute revelation of God to man—the personal mediator of Eternal Life.

The primitive Christian *did* believe in the finality of Jesus Christ. The Cross had brought the world to a halt; Christ had 'flung off from Himself' the powers unseen which hung about His path, and in the Cross had made open triumph over the

spiritual forces which ruled men's lives. The victory was already won, and the Saviour might be expected at any moment to consummate what He had already achieved.

But Christ did not come; and the world did not end. During the centuries which have passed since the gospel first stirred to its depths the spiritual life of the old Græco-Roman world, down to the present day, the world has not stood still. It would seem impossible to conceive a more complete refutation of the primitive Christian faith than the *fact* of the history of the last two millenniums. And yet the enigma of Jesus Christ has not been solved. It is no exaggeration to say that the Christian Church is the most important factor with which the historian of European civilization has to deal. The obvious fact that history did not stop has not prevented people from believing in the finality of Jesus Christ, who suffered under Pontius Pilate. Is that belief still tenable to-day? Has an age-long delusion been at last dispelled, or may we hope to effect yet another combination between belief in the finality of Jesus Christ and acceptance of the developing facts of the world? For that is what Christian theologians have hitherto succeeded in doing, and the future of the Christian Church depends—humanly speaking—on the success of her theologians now.

If the problem has been set aright in what has been said, there are two centres of theological gravity—the Bible and the Age. It is discouraging to find that there are writers of repute who seem to believe that the Churches can construct their theology on the basis of one only of these two centres—and that the second, the Age. A scholar to whom students of the New Testament owe much, Professor Kirsopp Lake, has lately published a volume of lectures, originally delivered in Boston, U.S.A., under the title *The Stewardship of Faith*, in which he combines a study of the development of the Apostolic Church with suggestions as to modern requirements. The only significance that he seems able, in these lectures, to assign to the first period of Christianity is that it presents us with a striking instance of development, which we must aim at repeating. 'I have tried to show,' he says in the preface, 'the way in which the first Christians did this work [of teaching Christianity] by translating their message from the terms of Jewish thought to those of the Græco-Roman world, and adding to it considerably in the

process. And I have also tried to suggest that the Churches of to-day ought to consider seriously the necessity for moving on in the same direction.' And again: 'Christians were men who had seen a vision,' and the duty of Christian teachers is 'to teach their pupils to join with them in seeing visions and dreaming dreams.' The statement is, no doubt, true, and the moral a good one, but what *was* the vision? and was it a *true* vision? Those are the real questions we have to face, and we cannot escape them by the apotheosis of 'development.' Development is not, in itself, 'a good.' If the sons of the kingdom are represented in the parable by wheat, the sons of darkness are represented by tares—and they both developed.

But Professor Lake does not, I think, really deal with these questions at all. Our conception of the Person of Jesus Christ must, in order to be convincing, provide an historical starting-point for the religious type which has been built upon the foundation of His life, death, and resurrection, and it is, I think, more than doubtful whether, if we judge by this criterion, Professor Lake's chapter on 'The Teaching of Jesus,' combined with the substitute he proposes for Christology at the end of his interesting chapter on 'Uninstructed Christianity,' will be found adequate.

The same writer rebukes modern theologians—especially English theologians—for their undue interest in history, to the neglect of 'the facts of observed religion.' The criticism is of value as a reminder to old-established theological schools of the daily increasing importance of the science of psychology, and this is the point which Professor Lake wishes to make; but both here and throughout the book he surely misses another and an essential point. What are 'the facts of observed religion' in this year of grace 1916? Religion is at present undergoing a change more far-reaching perhaps than any since the sixteenth century. In our own country the old forms of national piety are dissolving before our eyes; and what is the solvent? Of course there are many contributory causes, but can it be denied that criticism of certain ancient historical documents has been a main factor? 'The facts of observed religion' send us back to ancient history and dead languages. There are still people in England who know the 91st Psalm as 'He that dwelleth,' and can tell you at what chapter and verse to read to them from St. John, but those people are dying out, and that is

the outstanding fact of contemporary religion. The plain man does, as a matter of fact, suppose that Christianity is bound up with historical happenings, and now that he is told that some of what he has taken as *bona fide* history is not history at all, he is puzzled.

And psychology can give us no real help here. Psychology is of importance in helping us to a method in presenting truth of all sorts, but it does not itself give us anything to teach or anything to believe. It cannot. Its function is to describe the behaviour of the living mind: that is all. We may well hope that psychology is going to provide us with a new common denominator to the first century, and the twentieth, and so teach us a new way of representing the meaning of Scripture. It cannot for Christianity replace Scripture. The historical criticism of the last half-century is of far greater importance to contemporary religion than much popular theory, both inside the Church and out of it, allows us to admit. The Church has not yet discovered a new method of using her documents, and that is her greatest need. It will be met in time. The writings of the New Testament are the classic monuments of the profoundest agony in the story of man's spiritual life. There will be those among the men who are passing through the valley of the shadow of death for a great cause, who will help us to find there the facts which take us from the temporal to the eternal; which show us man as the child of God, injustice as sin, and redemption as the act of God.

At present we do less than justice to the Faith. We half apologize for suggesting that the first century may have something to teach the twentieth. The prophets, we say, were miracles of intuition, or even inspiration—considering how long ago they lived; but we do little to meet the real question which is in men's minds: Why should I study them to-day? There is a clear issue here: either the prophets of Israel are of lasting significance to mankind in general, and therefore of significance to modern man in particular, or else—

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.

And the Old Testament and the New, as we clearly see now, hang together. We can no longer hope to throw the Old Testament to the critic wolves, and save the New. In the case of both we must come to terms with the new learning. Our Lord cannot be understood apart from the Old Testa-

ment Revelation which He completed. The theologian's first task is the same to-day as it has been in the past—to help to create a new Christian epoch by the re-interpretation of Scripture.

We are not in these days awed by great names; it makes little impression on our contemporaries to tell them that Origen and Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Luther, Professor von Harnack and the Pope would all assent to the affirmation that the Person of Jesus Christ is of central importance for Religion; and it is good for us to know that we cannot rely on the prestige of the past. But the argument from tradition is irrefutable in proving that the Biblical Revelation cannot be disposed of as a stage in religious evolution which has been since superseded. From the first century to the twentieth, Religion in Europe for all practical purposes has meant Christianity. Until to-day the the Apostolic Age has always been regarded as in some sense normative for Christianity. The historical tradition has always formed one—though never the only—element in theology. It is perhaps abstractly possible that we are now about to evolve a different religion, which will dispense with the historical basis, but analogy is against the hypothesis and there is no presupposition in its favour. Once it is recognized that the moral, the intellectual, and the emotional needs, to which Christianity answers, are permanent in humanity, the *a priori* difficulty of the modern man in ascribing finality to our Lord disappears. And in favour of our belief that Christianity—historical Christianity—is about to take a new lease of life, there is the mass of critical work on the documents, accumulated by modern scholarship, which has not yet borne fruit in the life and thought of the Church as a whole.

Theology, then, must be based on the Bible. Teachers in the Church must know the Bible, and be prepared to answer questions about the Bible. It is through the Biblical Revelation that Christianity enters the field of human life and history as an objective fact, of which mankind at large must take account.

But our task does not end here. A living system of Christian thought must be in vital relation, not only with the historical facts on which the Church is built, but also with the main tendencies of contemporary life and thought.

At this point our difficulties increase and multiply. Theology is not to-day Queen of the Sciences, and

the civilized world does not, as a whole, acknowledge the suzerainty of the Holy See. Formally at any rate, the mediæval world, out of which we have grown, had a ready answer to the problems which to-day are so difficult both in practice and in theory. But that answer is closed to us. We cannot go back. Each age has to work out for itself the problem of authority, and in the new age we shall have to start once more almost from the beginning.

Without attempting to deal in detail with any one of the pressing problems, which are opened up by the question of the relation of Christian doctrine to the life and thought of the world about us, let us try to find some guiding thoughts.

Roger Bacon believed that, if he could read the original sacred text aright, he would therein disclose all possible scientific discoveries.¹ That point of view has gone for ever. Natural science will never again be called upon to show cause why she should depart from the cosmology of Genesis. A similar consideration applies to History. The new construction of the history of mankind will not be within the framework which did duty for all Christendom until within living memory. Perhaps we may say that theology has much to learn from, and no contribution to make to, the inductive study of natural phenomena and of history. Science and History are autonomous. But while theology must never presume to dictate results, theology is rightly interested in ascertaining the *a priori* limits of scientific and historical inquiry. The theologian will try to make clear the ideal aim of Science—that Science is a human description of how things happen; that Science can never create a really new fact; that it merely provides us with a more adequate account of something which is already given. So too with History: the theologian is interested in the abstract question of the nature of History as a critical account of events. However complicated critical questions may be, the event itself, he will remember, remains unchanged. It is the interpretation of a fact, not the fact itself, which develops.

While, therefore, the theologian will contribute nothing to inductive inquiry in itself, he will try to keep in touch with the presuppositions of induc-

tive inquiry, and he will insist that any attempt to correlate scientific advances with human experience as a whole, must take account of the unique, and, as he believes, final fact of Christ.

Perhaps a somewhat similar discrimination is possible in considering the relation of theology to the great problems of social life. These problems must be dealt with on their merits. By calling ourselves Christians, we do not absolve ourselves from the duty of exercising our innate ideas of justice on each question as it presents itself. Unless, indeed, we are prepared to consider questions on their merits, it is impossible for our faith to remain healthy. The Christian Church, however, will maintain and vindicate her belief that she is the custodian of a Spirit which must be reckoned with as a definite factor, and she will not cease to declare that it is only in the Spirit of the crucified Saviour that real peace—either individual or social—can be found.

To sum up: Christianity is by definition the Religion of the Christ. The Christ is a definite Person, who appeared at a certain point in history. The theologian's first task is to grasp the fact of the Christ in its historical setting. The critical appreciation of the documents of Scripture is the necessary preliminary to this task. Until we have arrived at some general agreement on the historical questions raised by the study of the Old and New Testaments, we cannot expect theology to be coherent or stable. At the present moment our most trusty guides seem to warn us that the end of the inquiry has not yet been reached. But it should not be beyond the wit of man to attain to a real comprehension of the Religion of the Bible, and the end may be nearer than we think. The second task of the theologian is to apply this ascertainable objective fact of the Christ to the life of our own day. For this we require an act of faith in Jesus Christ and in that Spirit, proceeding from God, which has not hitherto failed the Church. The enemy is scepticism; scepticism as to the possibility of real knowledge of our Lord's life and work; scepticism as to the validity of moral judgments; scepticism as to the validity of the conclusions of the reason. We must trust the faculties with which God has endowed us; we must patiently serve Him by obeying His voice whenever it may come to us. Finally, if we would be servants of Jesus Christ, we must live remembering that every human soul is of value in the eyes of God.

¹ 'Sed tota philosophiæ intentio non est nisi rerum naturas et proprietates evolvere, qua propter totius philosophiæ potestas in sacris literis continetur; et hoc maxime patet, quia longe certius ac melius et verius accipit scriptura creaturas, quam labor philosophicus sciati erueri' (*Opus. Majus*, viii.).

Christ's Confidence in Himself as a Teacher.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MORISON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

THE character of Christ inspires us with confidence in His teaching. That *He* believed what He would have us believe, is our surest ground for believing it. The purest heart has the clearest vision. 'I think,' says Emerson, 'we very slowly admit in another man a higher degree of moral sentiment than our own, a finer conscience, more impressionable or which marks minute degrees, an ear to hear acuter notes of right and wrong than we can. I think we listen suspiciously and very slowly to any evidence to that point. But once satisfied of that superiority, we set no limit to our expectation of his genius. For such persons are nearer the secret of God than others; are bathed by sweeter waters: they hear voices, they see visions where others are vacant. We believe that holiness confers insight, because not by our private but by our public force can we share and know the nature of things.'

This is the ground on which we repose our trust in the teaching of Christ, and it is the ground on which He asked us to repose it. He said His judgment was just because He sought not His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. He said, 'If any man will to do the will of God, he shall learn of the doctrine.' Such was, according to Christ, the *via intelligentiæ* in spiritual truth.

Christ was a confident teacher. 'Nerve us with incessant affirmatives'—so the demand we make of our spiritual teachers has been put, and well put. We crave positives, we are impatient of negatives. In the great and necessary truths of life we must have certitude. There are convictions which are the bread of life; they must be indubitable: no breath of suspicion must pass over them.

'In things certain and mysterious,' says Joubert, 'by their greatness and nature *make* people believe them: in things that are matters of practice and duty demand them. "Fear God" has made many pious—the proofs of God's existence have made many atheists. What we treat as problematical tends to become doubtful. Religion, like all other absolutisms, should never justify itself.' Another writer ('Credo' in the *Hibbert Journal*, April 1909) says to the same effect: 'Religion does not apologise for itself, does not stand on the defensive, does not justify its presence in the world. If

theorists would vindicate Religion they may do so: but Religion comes forth in the majesty of silence, like a mountain amidst the lifting mists. All the strong things of the world are its children: and whatever strength is summoned to its support is the strength which its own spirit has called into being. Religion never excuses its attitude, and when at last a voice is lifted up it simply chants the Faith until the deaf ears are unstopped, and the dead in spirit come out of their graves to listen. There is nothing so masterful; and it speaks as one who has a right to the mastery. It is the major control of thought, to which all systems whatever bear witness, either silent or confessed. Authority is not what it requires, but what it confers. Its indicatives are veiled imperatives, and no hypothetical propositions ever escape from its lips. So that, unless a man is overborne by religion, we may truly say that his religion is vain.'

All our greatest spiritual teachers answer the demand of the soul for affirmatives. They speak from convictions which are as unquestioned as their own existence; they are wrought into the very substance of their being.

Such were the Apostles. They were great Christian Positivists. They knew whom they believed. With every fibre of their being they clung to Him, and with the whole weight of their souls they trusted Him. They went forth, 'to give men the everlasting foundations. These and these only sounded on their lips: of these they made both shield and lance in their battle to kindle faith' (Dante). They preached inevitables—what they could not but preach. They had a perfect understanding of the consequences their word carried. They knew that men would need to be well assured regarding the facts of a life which claimed their absolute trust and self-surrender. They felt how tremendous that claim is, and that the grounds on which it rested must be above all challenge. We know how they bore their testimony—with what confidence—with what urgency—with what an emphasis of repetition: 'That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and

our hands have handled, of the Word of life (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.'

We find the same certitude in all men of apostolic build. It has been said of Luther that he would have cut off his right hand sooner than he would have written his thesis against the Pope, had he thought he was bringing on with all his might the pale negatives of Unitarianism. He took his stand on truth which he had won out of a great divine experience, and which no one could argue him out of.

There are few spiritual teachers so powerful as Bunyan. What was the secret of his power? It was his own convincedness. It was the passion of his own faith. The word he preached was to himself a reality. 'I see it to be so, I see it to be so. . . . I have been in my preaching . . . as if an angel of God had stood at my back to encourage me. Oh! It hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it and to fasten it upon the consciences of others that I could not be contented with saying, "I believe and am sure": methought I was more than sure (if it be lawful so to express myself) that these things which I then asserted were true.' There is the secret of Bunyan's vitality. There is how the writings in which he has given us his own spiritual history are like a well of living water, grateful to all the generations. The world does not burden itself with the memory of teachers who have only negatives to offer it. And may not the ineffectiveness and unfruitfulness of much of the religious teaching of our own time be due to the weakness in it of the positive note? 'Credo,' speaking of the makers of the ancient creeds, says: 'Theirs was not the spirit of spurious open-mindedness so much in fashion nowadays, which worships a note of interrogation—the timidity which dare commit itself to nothing. The lines have fallen to us in a highly apologetic age. We apologise for the highest things; we introduce them tentatively—often with a veiled implication that the opposites are almost as good. How can the world fail to despise a religion which is accompanied by a perpetual excuse for its own existence? . . . Whatever comes before us with the air of a

suppliant cannot be the spirit of the absolute God.'

Above all other teachers Christ satisfied the demand of the soul for affirmatives. He had confidence in His own doctrine. He unhesitatingly asked every man to commit to His guidance the fortunes of the soul. He was sure of all that He taught regarding the relations between God and man, regarding human hopes and fears, regarding the meaning of life, the aims of life, the issues of life. He never spoke doubtfully or conjecturally. As little did He ever speak ambiguously. He was not 'Yea and Nay, but in Him was Yea.' We never find in Him what has been described as faith diversified with doubt or doubt diversified with faith. He does not discuss—He asserts. 'Verily, verily,' was His opening word when He taught—so conscious was He of the unquestionableness of what was to follow—of its proceeding from the very source and fount of truth. What the Gospel of John makes Him expressly say of Himself is implied in the whole manner of His teaching—'I am the Truth.' He made belief in the truth and trust in Himself one and the same thing. While He not only allowed but insisted on the freedom of the soul in relation to all other teachers, He claimed submission to His own authority. 'One is your Master, even Christ.'

Such was the boldness of Christ as a teacher. And yet He was unconscious of His boldness. And there is nothing more noteworthy, or that should give us more confidence in His teaching, than this fact. For what is its explanation? Is it not that He always felt that He taught what it should have been easy for all men to believe; that He taught inevitable things which men could not but believe—things which they carried in the bottom of their own hearts. It was this that made the people say—'He speaks as one who has authority, and not as the Scribes,' or (to give the thought of the people as it has been well translated), 'As one who stood within the veil, whose word is one with what it tells of.' His words had an intrinsic, a native authority that gave them the power of reaching that within the soul which is responsive to God, and awaking it to come forth and meet Him.

These are the qualities in Christ, as a teacher, which explain and justify His estimate of Himself when He said, 'I am the Truth'; 'I am the Light of the world.'

In the Study.

The Seven Words.

VI.

Christ's Perfect Work.

'It is finished.'—Jn 19³⁰.

THERE is a certain mysterious fulness in these words. The Sufferer does not say what is finished; it is something filling His mind and heart, something that has filled his mind and heart for long, some great familiar thing which He does not need to name, something the end of which has come at last—an end hard to reach and greatly wished for; and He both describes this great thing and expresses His relief at its completion when He says, 'It is finished.'

What, then, is finished? The hours of excruciating agony? Yes, but something more. The thirty-three years of earthly existence? Yes, but something higher. It is His work that is finished. As He said the night before, 'I have finished the work.'

It is evident throughout the Gospels that Jesus was constantly under the pressure of a sense of mission. He felt that He had a work to do. As He emerged from boyhood into manhood, He heard the call to work and heeded it: 'I must be about my Father's business.' When He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem, He was under the compulsion of a purpose to be fulfilled. Could that purpose be fulfilled only through suffering? Then He is eager to suffer: 'I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!' As He was about to die, He glanced over His earthly life, and summed it up in terms of work done, 'It is finished.'

¶ The way in which our Redeemer contemplated this life was altogether a peculiar one. He looked upon it, not as a place of rest or pleasure, but simply, solely, as a place of duty. He was here to do His Father's will, not His own; and therefore, now that life was closed, He looked upon it chiefly as a duty that was fulfilled. We have the meaning of this in the seventeenth chapter of this Gospel: 'I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.' The duty is done, the work is finished.¹

I.

ENDED.

There are two senses in which we use the word 'finished,' and the death of Jesus illustrates them both.

Finished may mean 'ended.' In this sense, what was finished?

1. *His suffering.*—The entire life of Jesus had been one of sorrow; but now at last He has drunk the last drop of the bitter cup which His Father had put into His hands. Indeed, He had no sooner uttered the despondent wail regarding His sense of being God-forsaken than the bitterness of death was past. He has borne a burden of pain and woe which no other son of man could bear, and now it has been lifted from His heart for ever.

2. *His sacrifice.*—Jesus came into the world to be our High Priest. 'Every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer.' If we ask, 'What did He offer?' the answer is, 'Christ, through the eternal spirit, offered himself without spot to God.'

3. *The Dominion of sin.*—'Finished,' too, was the empire of Satan. The first mighty blow was given to it in the Incarnation. It was followed up by the Victory over the Tempter in the wilderness, and by that almost greater conquering of sin in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was now brought to an end in this Sixth Word on the cross.

4. *Death.*—And Death was finished. All His life He had looked forward to this hour. We all know that we must die, but with Him this common calamity was combined with a strange foreboding. He was strong and courageous; that is plain. When the moment came He met it 'as a brave man meets a foe.' But He dreaded it exceedingly, and with much more than the ordinary fear of death as an entrance into the unknown. His words to Nicodemus at the beginning show how it was in His mind: the Son of Man must be 'lifted up.' His frequent warnings to His disciples as the end approached show how His thoughts dwelt upon it. The agony in the Garden as He passes

¹ F. W. Robertson, *Sermons*, iv. 316.

at last into the awful shadow of it shows that there was something singularly terrible about it. This death which is now accomplished is no common death.

No ; it is our death also, as well as His, which is here finished. Death itself is here met and conquered. It is not abolished ; we know that only too well. But it is shown to us in its true meaning. It is made to read its ancient riddle. It is a visitation not of dread but of blessing. Jesus died upon the cross for us. To save us ; to put an end to death and dread and sin, He died. For those who give themselves to Him, everything that is bad is finished. All things are become new. Death is finished ; pain and grief are finished.

5. *His revelation of the Father.*—When He spoke of going to the Father, a disciple exclaimed : ‘Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us!’ Having seen Him, they would be content. Ah, we should all be content then. All hearts would hush, and turn to the Father who made us in love. This is the cry of the heart, Show us the Father. It is around Him that the darkness gathers. It is against this darkness that we grope in anguish, and fear, and terrible longing. This is the cry, if only articulated, of all the unrest of men ; and their wars ; and their migrations, and their art and science, and their many times irreverent thronging the threshold of the Unrevealed, and impious guessing of what is within : ‘Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us!’ Let us hear the words of Christ : ‘He that hath seen me hath seen the Father’—seen the Father !

6. But even yet we are very far from having exhausted the unfathomable word. It takes in the whole history of the world. The cross is the central dividing point of history. The course of the ages, the chronology of the human race, is summed up in Christ, and finds its demarcation in two letters—B.C. or A.D. All the past leads up to it ; all the future proceeds from it. The crisis of history is, in a sense, finished.

Suppose, for a moment, that our Lord, on whom this work was laid, had failed to accomplish it ; suppose He had not been able to say of it that it was finished ; suppose the Divine justice which that work was designed to satisfy had still remained unsatisfied, and the Divine wrath against the sinner which that work was designed to avert still hung over the world, what had been the fate of our race, what the condition of each one of us this

day? The very mission of Christ had proclaimed that without an atonement there could be no remission of sins. His appearance as God in our nature to save sinners announced that the last expedient for man’s redemption was put forth. From the necessity of the case this provision was unique and final. Only once could the Son of God appear to ‘put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.’ If He did not accomplish His work on the first attempt, He never could resume it. How unspeakably important, then, for us to know that He *did* accomplish it, that of it He could say ere He gave up the ghost—‘It is finished!’ In uttering these words He proclaimed that the work of human redemption was complete.

¶ The honour of God, the perfection of His character, the sufficiency of His power, the veracity of His word, and, with these, the stability of His government, all hung suspended on the issue of the Saviour’s working. God had committed His honour into the hands of His Son, and He had pledged His word that the ends contemplated by His work should be secured. Had Christ, then, come short of what He had engaged to do ; had He shrunk from any of the requisite parts of His work ; had He, either from weakness or fear, or indolence or forgetfulness, left unfulfilled any of the predictions God had given concerning Him, or any of the pledges God had given to men, through Him, unredeemed,—the consequences to the universe would have been unutterably fearful. All confidence in the Divine infallibility would have been destroyed. The wisdom, the power, the veracity, of God would have stood impeached. The basis of His moral government would thus have been undermined and shaken. Angels would not have known when to trust Him ; devils would have learnt that there was a limit beyond which there was no need to fear Him. The universe would have become a meaningless, a purposeless, existence ; and from its extremest bounds there would have gone forth the wail of its horror-stricken tribes towards the dishonoured throne of its Maker and Ruler.¹

II.

COMPLETED.

1. Finished may also mean ‘completed.’ There is a sense in which this short saying might be the commentary on every life, for every life is closed by death, which finishes all its activities. Death is the last act. It brings release from the obligations of daily duty. And of every weary and laborious life we can imagine it being said with something of relief, ‘This is the end ; all is over.’

But the life of the Lord Jesus was not a common life, and the words, ‘It is finished,’ from His

¹ Archbishop W. L. Alexander.

dying lips had a larger and a more glorious meaning than this. For His life was *complete*, as no other life of man has been. A short life it was—thirty years of preparation and three of ministry: that was all, yet full and perfect. It was not a complete life, indeed, in the sight of men; it seemed to be cut off just when hope was fairest and the promise of achievement in course of fruition. To those who knew Him best and loved Him and served Him most loyally His death seemed the destruction of their best hopes for the world and for themselves. Yet, in the sight of God, who sees so much further than men see, His life was complete.

¶ Completeness in life is not a thing of quantity, but of quality. What seems to be a fragment may be in reality the most perfect thing on earth. You stand in some museum before a Greek statue, imperfect, mutilated, a fragment of what it was meant to be. And yet, as you look at it, you say: 'Here is perfect art. It is absolutely right; the ideal which modern art may imitate, but which it never hopes to attain.'¹

2. Whatever Christ came into the world for was finished. His work was not cut short by death. Death did not come on Him, as it comes on us, paralyzing us in the midst of our work, so that the tools fall from our hands, and we are changed and carried away. How many pieces of human work are thus for ever suspended, and hands that have acquired skill through a lifetime's exercised pliancy become rigid, and the work that was all but executed is postponed for ever, and humanity fails to reap a portion of its destined harvest of beauty or of goodness! But death did not surprise Him or suspend His work; it came to perfect Him and to finish His work. All that is expressed in Christ's appearance—the coming nigh of God to men, the unveiling of the mysteries of our life, the reaching back to the hidden springs of all that God does—all this was but sealed in Christ's death. 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' That which He came to do had reached its end in His death; He made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

¶ How different is God's judgment from ours! how different His valuation! Much which we account to be failure is success, as He sees it. Much which we consider

wealth is but pitiful poverty. They alone shall save their lives, He says, who are content to lose them. Here in the darkness and ignominy of the cross, amid the reviling of enemies and the forsaking of friends, was ended the life of one who in the sight of men had met defeat; but in the sight of God this crucified man had won the victory of victories.²

3. What is there for us to learn from this? Have we no work to do for God? Did God send us into the world, give us life and strength and talents for nothing? No, indeed; we too have to do the will of our Father which is in heaven; we have to use the gifts He has given us—our time, our opportunities, our knowledge, our talents to His glory; we have each of us our special work which no one else can do, which we were designed for; we have much to learn from this example of a finished work.

(1) The labourer or the tradesman, or the professional man, the woman in the home, or in the office, or in the factory, may be doing a work as truly God-given as was Jesus' work when He was teaching the people or healing the sick or dying on the cross. The man or the woman who is doing honest work well in this world, which is God's world, is doing God's work—is a fellow-labourer with God.

¶ If we would think more of the work to which God has called us, each one, and less of ourselves—if we would remember that God's work can only be done through that willing self-sacrifice which is the very seal of the Christian life, then indeed would we be in the way of hastening the Kingdom of God. 'It is finished' marks the consummation of the work of CHRIST, but only the beginning of the work of His Church. That work will not be finished until the whole world has been brought to the foot of the cross and until all men have been made to see in the Death of CHRIST that which alone can give them victory over sin and death. It is in that work that we are called to be fellow-workers with God.³

(2) And does not this completed work of Jesus Christ, which brings such priceless blessings to man, suggest to him the thought, 'What have I finished?' Alas! how incomplete and imperfect is everything which man attempts! Who has performed the tasks which he determined years ago to do? Who dares to lift up his hands to heaven and say, 'I have finished the work which Thou hast given me to do'? What a record the past contains of neglect and of failure to accomplish the things which we ought to have done! Every one must admit that he is an unprofitable servant.

² G. Hodges, *Cross and Passion*, 63.

³ J. H. Bernard, *Verba Crucis*, 60.

¹ F. G. Peabody, *Mornings in the College Chapel*, i. 163.

We have made so many beginnings to which there can never be any endings at all. We have framed so many unaccomplished plans. What old man has done what he hoped to do when he was young? Our path in life is strewn with our failures. We might put as a sort of universal epitaph on every tombstone, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.' Who of us will dare, as he lies on his dying bed, to lift up his hands to God and say, 'I have finished the work Thou hast given me to do'? Shall we not rather say, 'My work is unfinished. I wish I had a few more years of life, healthful and vigorous life, to finish that work which I have in hand. I wish I was not obliged to leave those affairs in such an unfinished condition. I wish I had been more diligent in serving the Lord. I wish I had been more forward with my work, as I might have been. When I think of the many things I have left undone, I shall almost forget the things that I have done. The end will have come to me, but the work will remain unfinished'? No, it is not for any child of Adam to sound the note of triumph on his dying bed. A note of penitence will be more suitable far, 'We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.'

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

March.

MARCH DUST.

'Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence.'—Hos 2^{14, 15}.

March has come at last! We are glad. But somehow, when we have really reached it we catch ourselves still looking forward: is it not so? March is not like June. We long for the 'Merry month of June' to come, and when it comes we want it to go on for ever. Once, a group of boys in a Sunday class told me they were perfectly happy; they never wanted to grow any older; they even went on to say that they wished they might go on living always, just as they were doing. That was on a June Sunday afternoon.

There are good things, however, that come round to us in March. The green grass appears, the birds sing, and I know you boys love its football games and matches. You are ready to say you would like March quite well, if it were not for the weather. March has, as we know, its rainy days, and its cold winds that drive dust into our faces—dust that gets into our eyes, into our hair, and even into our mouths if we don't keep them shut. March dust is certainly not a pleasant thing.

But there is one person that likes to see it. That is the farmer. There is a farmer's proverb that says, 'A peck of March dust is worth a pound of gold.' He wants to get down his crops, and he does not care how hard the wind blows, or how much dust there is about, so long as it is dry weather. The dust does not annoy him—a farmer would laugh if you asked if he felt the wind disagreeable.

Now, I want you to think about the dust in a more general way than as we see it and feel it in March. Dust has been spoken of a good deal by learned men within late years. Like the farmer, they are high in its praises; but it is for a different reason. They do not think of how it will help them to make money. The dust of the great sandy deserts of Asia and Africa is what interests them. You have all heard of these deserts, and you may think of them simply as being the habitations of cruelty, loneliness, and misery.

Listen to something that a great explorer has said about them. 'There is one power, and one only, that brings sound and movement into these dreary, lifeless wastes, and that is the wind.' In the deserts there are great mountains of sand built entirely by the wind; there are great cities buried by it. No wonder that they fascinate some people by their very mystery. There are men who have spent their lives digging and digging, year after year, in the attempt to find out the stories of peoples whose homes have been buried there long ages ago.

But the wind does better and kinder work than merely that of burying cities. It has been discovered that this earth would not be at all a pleasant place to live upon without the great sandy deserts. Scientific men, in fact, tell us that a certain kind of dust is even necessary to keep you and me alive. It is akin to the March dust we despise so much and that keeps blowing hither and thither till we are very tired of it indeed. This dust brings about the production of the clouds from which the rain comes, the rains themselves, and the mists. In every drop of moisture there is, we are told, an infinitesimal mote of sand. The motes are so small (we cannot see them with our eyes) that they are called atmospheric dust; that atmospheric dust comes from the desert, and it is sent to us by our good friend the wind. We are therefore surely much mistaken in thinking of deserts as being but blots upon the face of the earth.

Ruskin loved only the beautiful things of life; he cared little for science. A friend told him of this discovery of how a mote of sand was in every drop of rain. He was very unwilling to believe it; and with his beautifully childlike way of looking at things, he met the information very simply. He answered his friend just as some of you might have done. 'Of what substance,' he asked, 'is the beneficent dust made of, and how does it get up

there and stay there?' Another time he wrote: 'I will grant your motives for raindrop centres (though I don't a bit believe in them yet).'

Do you begin to see the meaning of the text? Do you see that indirectly the people of warm countries get their vineyards from the wilderness? By and by, we shall learn more new things about this wonderful world we live in. It is a big place, but it has only one heart; no one part of it can do without the other.

March dust may make you feel annoyed; and you think of the desert as a place of terror and loneliness, while all the time it is bringing blessings to us. It helps to make our world beautiful and worth living in. If we have not vineyards, we have cornfields: they also come from the wilderness. Isn't it strange and wonderful?

In the Bible there are stories of people going to the Wilderness to learn. Moses went and kept Jethro's sheep at the back of the Wilderness, before he led the children of Israel out of Egypt—those children of Israel who afterwards wandered in it forty years. Jesus Christ Himself went into the Wilderness, did He not? And in a boy's or a girl's life there may come times that correspond not only with the discomfort of March dust, but with the great deserts of the earth. I have seen a boy lying hopelessly ill as the result of a school accident. Haven't you seen a soldier who had been wounded in battle, so that he could never hope to walk about again? An Army Chaplain tells of visiting a lad of seventeen who had been wounded in the first Gallipoli landing. Nothing comforted him so much as having a story told. He was greatly taken with one from the book called *The Sky Pilot*. It was about a girl called Gwen. She loved reckless riding and adventure. One day she had a terrible accident, and was told she would never ride more. She felt very rebellious. And then the man called the Sky Pilot came to see her, and told her the story of the great valley in the Rocky Mountains. How the Master of the Prairie came down to see his flowers, and missed some of the most beautiful; and how the prairie said that the scorching wind made it impossible for them to grow. Then the master spoke to the lightning, and the lightning smote the prairie until there was a great gaping wound. But the rain followed, and sent little rivulets streaming down, and the birds brought seeds and dropped them, and presently fair ferns

and flowers covered the raw wound and the master saw his plants in perfection and beauty. The soldier boy understood the meaning of the story. Gwen had been sent into the Wilderness.

God sometimes does send troubles to you boys and girls, or He puts you into trying surroundings; but it is that you may be fitted for the great work of life. We need the March dust; we need the wilderness. Your text in Hosea is very beautiful. It is a text for big people, but I hope I have been able to make you understand it a little bit.

'Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence.'

II.

The Right Kind of Eyes.

'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?'
—Lk 6⁴¹.

To-day I am going to speak about the right kind of eyes. You know there are a great many people in this world who have some defect in their eyes, and who cannot see properly. Some of them are sensible and wear eyeglasses or spectacles, which help them to see things in the right way; but many do not know that there is anything wrong with their eyes, and they imagine that it is the other people who are seeing wrong. Some people are colour-blind, and will tell you a thing is blue when it is green; some see things larger or smaller than they are; and I once knew an old lady who saw things double. If one boy walked down the street past her window she declared that two boys had gone past, and she got quite cross if anybody contradicted her!

Jesus once preached a sermon about bad eyesight. He said that some people went about trying to pick little motes out of their brother's eye, and all the time they did not seem to know that there was a beam blurring their own vision. Now what are motes and beams? A mote is just a little speck of dust, so tiny that you can hardly see it, and a beam is a log of wood some inches thick and several feet long, the kind of log that would be used for supporting a floor or the centre of a roof.

Perhaps some one will say, 'How could a great big log of wood get into any one's eye?' Well, that was just a way of speaking in the East. The Rabbis had a saying about a mote and a beam,

and so, when Jesus wanted to draw a contrast, He used a picture or parable, as we say, that the people could understand. You remember on another occasion He spoke about swallowing a camel, but of course it would be quite impossible to swallow a camel wholesale.

What did Jesus mean when He spoke that parable about motes and beams? Well, what He meant was that there were many people going about the world picking faults in others, and all the time they were quite unconscious of their own much greater faults. The very fact that they were looking out for other people's faults made them blind to their own.

Now fault-finding is one of the commonest failings, and the worst of it is that most of it goes on behind the back of the person whose faults are being discussed. What possible good can it do to that person, and what harm can it not do, if he comes to hear how he has been criticised? How would you like to have *your* character torn to shreds? The boy or girl who finds fault behind another's back has very rarely the courage to tell that other his failings to his face. It is a poor, mean, cowardly sort of thing to do at the best. It is like stabbing a man who has no weapons. The one who is being criticised is not able to defend himself.

1. I am going to tell you some reasons why we should not find fault with others. And the first is — *we are not perfect ourselves*. The Indians have a proverb—'Said the sieve to the needle, "You have a hole in you."' Just fancy the sieve, riddled with holes, having the impertinence to criticise the needle! Make sure you are not the sieve and the other boy or girl the needle. It's just a case of the mote and beam over again or the pot calling the kettle black.

2. The second reason why we should not find fault is that *we do not know enough to judge*.

Once, among a great crowd of people in a French town, a man named La Motte trod upon another man's foot. The man who had been hurt turned round quickly, and aimed a violent blow at La Motte's head. But La Motte said quietly, 'Sir, you will surely be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind.' The man reddened with shame. He had taken La Motte to be a rough and rude fellow. He had judged without knowing, and his judgment had led him to do a mean act.

We may be making just the same kind of mistake about other people. We may be seeing faults in them that they haven't got at all. It is very, very easy to do so. You know how often *you* are blamed for things you never even thought of doing.

3. In the third place, *fault-finding does an infinite amount of harm*—it does an infinite amount of harm to others, and it does an infinite amount of harm to ourselves.

It does an infinite amount of harm to others. How many of you like to make a snow man in winter-time? One of the best ways to form the body of the man is to make a little snowball with your hands, and then lay it down on the ground and roll it over and over in the snow. You know what happens. The little snowball grows bigger and bigger until it is big enough to form the body of the man. Now that is just the way with another's faults when we begin to speak about them. They grow bigger and bigger in our imagination, until at last they are so big no one would recognize them as the original faults.

And fault-finding does an infinite amount of harm to ourselves. It leaves stains on our own character. We cannot judge others without becoming a little harder, a little more unkind. It twists our nature until we grow crooked and deformed. It spoils our eyesight until we are able to see only the ugly things about people.

The other day I read a story about a man who lived in a room with two windows. One window looked out on a bright flower garden and beyond that to a splendid view of moor and river, the other window looked on to an ugly backyard. One day this man invited a friend to see his beautiful view. The friend went to the window that looked out on the backyard and said he did not see anything that he could admire. Can you guess what was the matter? He was looking out at the wrong window.

If we want to get a beautiful view of things we must look out at the right window, we must look out for the good points in our friends, and not for their failings. It is told of Peter the Great of Russia that when he heard any one badly spoken of he would say, 'Tell me, has he not a bright side?'

'But how,' you ask, 'am I to see the beam in my own eye? How am I to know that it is there? It is impossible for a person to see their own eye.'

Just think a minute. If you wish to see your own eye, what do you do? You look in a mirror. And that is just how we are to discover the beam in our eye. We are to look in the mirror of Christ's perfect life. If we look long enough into that mirror we will see ourselves so black that we shall never again wish to pick faults with others.

III.

Much or little is made of the children's sermon, according to the fancy of the preacher. The children take three minutes' amusement or ten minutes' instruction indifferently—provided the instruction is as interesting as the amusement. The Rev. Will Reason, M.A., makes it so. He has gained a reputation as a preacher to children by taking the children's sermon seriously. He looks upon it as an opportunity to use to the utmost of his ability, and the reputation which he has gained he will not lose. These sermons in *The Wonderful Sword* (Scott; 2s. net) will stand reading and re-reading. Take one to prove it.

THE CHANGED MUSIC.

One of the songs that Shakespeare made, and which people still sing, says that:

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.

That is one of the oldest of the stories which the ancient Greeks used to tell. There was another, about the Sirens. These were creatures that looked from a distance like beautiful women, and they sang so sweetly, that those who heard them were drawn irresistibly to run to them. But these Sirens had great claws instead of human feet, and only used their ravishing voices to snare men within their grasp, when they could be seized and eaten. Two men, however, managed to pass by the place on the rocks in the sea where they had their home. One was Ulysses, who stopped the ears of his men with wax, so that they could not hear at all, and had himself securely tied to the mast, ordering the sailors on no account to let him loose, whatever he might command them by gesture, until they had got clean away.

Orpheus was the other, and he used quite a different method. He was with Jason and the men who went to fetch the Golden Fleece, and as they were passing this dangerous place in their

boat, called the *Argo*, he took his own lyre and played and sang such music as mingled with the Sirens' song, and made it more beautiful still, but quite harmless. By this means the crew were able to go on with their own business without any of the madness which came to those who heard the Sirens' voices only.

Well, there are plenty of things which act upon us like the Sirens' songs. We call them temptations, and all of us know something about them. Of course they seem beautiful to us at first, or they would not be temptations. It is only after the mischief is done that we see how disgusting they really are. But we ought to have enough common sense to know that if other people who have listened to them have come to grief, the same thing will happen to us. Then, if we still have to go where they are, one or other of these two plans will prove very useful, either that of Ulysses or that of Orpheus. For most of us, it is best to use the wax in the ears, so that we hear nothing of the fatal music at all. That is why, in the Letter to Timothy, the advice is given, 'Flee from youthful lusts,' and why Jesus said, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee.' Of course it maims you, but it is better to be alive with the loss of a hand than to have the whole body destroyed. In this case, it is better to be deaf altogether than to be torn by harpies.

But it is better still if, instead of cutting something off, we can *add* something to the temptation itself, which makes it harmless, as Orpheus did when he played and sang those other notes which took away the maddening effect and increased the beauty of the song. But you have to be really wise before you can do that, and most of us are not. Yet we can learn from Jesus how to do it with our temptations, if we will, for that is exactly how He Himself met the Great Tempter.

You remember how Satan quoted what was really in the Scriptures, for one thing, about God giving His angels charge to see that His Son should come to no hurt. 'Now,' said Satan, 'you can therefore easily show these people what you are. Throw Yourself from this pinnacle of the Temple, and let them see You come floating safely to the ground.' It was a very strong temptation, for as far as it went it was true, and you know how, if you really can do anything out of the common, you are eager to do it, if any one suggests that you cannot. Jesus, however, simply added another

truth, and the whole thing looked different at once. 'It is also written,' He said, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' So, instead of God sending His angels to save men from their own folly, we see the much more beautiful picture of the angels coming to meet His needs when He had done the will of God.

I think that if we knew everything, which we are very far from doing, we should find that all evil things were evil, because something important has been left out, or because they are not in the right harmony. At any rate, in the common things of life, we mostly change the evil nature of things by adding something to them, or by rearranging them.

From great cities there is every day a huge accumulation of foul stuff passing through the sewers. If this is let into the streams and rivers just as it is, it poisons the water, so that those who drink from it lower down get typhoid fever, or other diseases, and the fish cannot live in those rivers. But nowadays those whose duty it is to deal with this matter put into the foul mass other substances, and all the parts take on a different arrangement. The foulness becomes clean, and what passes into the stream is as harmless as clear water.

Suppose, again, a wasp has stung you. That means it has pierced your skin and let a drop of acid poison into your blood through the hole. If you can get at it at once and suck the poison out, that is a good way. But you cannot always reach the place with your mouth, for wasps do not think of your convenience when they sting. Once I was stung badly on the sole of my foot, and found that quite out of reach! So, as the poison is usually not able to be taken out, we put something else in to make it harmless, because the two things together make an altogether different thing. The poison is acid, so if we put on some ammonia, which is what chemists call an alkali, it is as if all the atoms let go of hands and joined up again in a differently arranged pattern.

It is in something the same way that Jesus, the Great Physician, destroys our sins. He does not want to make us less, by taking away any part of our life; but if we will let Him, He adds His own Spirit. If we are covetous, so that our life is 'choked by the care of the world and the deceitfulness of riches,' He gives us an understanding of what are better riches still, the treasure of the Kingdom of God, and a love of other people, so

that we want them to be really well off, as well as ourselves. If we are apt to be carried away by strong passions, He adds the spirit of self-control, so that we are not weaker, but even stronger than before. If we deceive others and are deceived ourselves, because we are using only part of the truth, He gives us the spirit that leads us into all the truth.

And it was by pouring His own strong, precious life into the feeble and confused and disorderly life of the world, that He set about that mighty work of salvation which we are assured will not stop until everything is brought into true order and power and beauty.

So, while it still remains a good thing for us sometimes to do something like destroying our hearing or cutting off a hand, because we are not wise enough to add the thing that is needed, we can often try to imitate Jesus in the other way, as He has shown. When things get very trying and troublesome, add a little patience and good temper; the results are quite astonishing at times. When you feel that you simply cannot resist doing something that is very attractive, though you know that it will turn out all wrong, ask Jesus to add His help; turn your thoughts to Him. I have often known the mere thought of Him to put things straight that had got into a very bewildering tangle.

Remember that good things are the real things, and the bad are either perversions of the good, or else lacking something more than they have got so that the power in them does harm instead of good.

'This corruptible must put on incorruption.'

IV.

A book of readings for a month intended for young children has been published by Lady Cunliffe under the title of *A Book for Little Soldiers* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). This is one of its chapters:

THE GIRDLE OF TRUTH.

'Having your loins girt about with truth.'—Eph. 6¹⁴.

Truth is to be our girdle, like the strong military belt around us, giving us strength and firmness. We might almost say it is the arm of Jesus around us, for He has said, 'I am the Truth.'

Every morning you should ask in your prayers that you may be made true, like Jesus.

Truth means so much, it is hard to explain, and yet it is very simple.

It means realness, wholeness, it means Light, and all the Beauty of God. There is no pretending, no deceiving in Him. Sometimes you may see something glittering on the ground so brightly it looks like a diamond; you go near and see it is only a little bit of glass—you were deceived.

Some people pretend to be very brave, they boast of their courage, yet when danger comes they run away. They were not true, so they failed in time of trial.

A piece of wood may look lovely and sound, and yet be rotten at heart, and break when any strain is put upon it. It was not true. Some pieces of money when you ring them on the table do not give out a clear sound, they are made of base metal. They are not true gold.

God expects His soldiers to be true. He desires 'truth in the inward parts,' true hearts, true lives, true lips; true to what is right and brave and like Jesus. Fasten this girdle firmly around. Be strong.

Never tell a lie even to save yourself from punishment. Tell the truth, and tell it all, not half the truth but the whole.

'Be valiant for the truth.'

Point and Illustration.

Rowland Bateman.

Mr. R. Maconachie, late I.C.S., has written the biography of one of the most estimable missionaries or men that ever lived. It was probably not an easy biography to write. There was nothing wonderful in the way of single adventure, though every day that Rowland Bateman lived was really a day of adventure and wonderful enough when judged by the average man's way of living. Nor was there even anything in the way of crowds of converts to report. And yet it seems probable that when this man returned home bringing his sheaves with him he had a harvest which will put that of most missionaries to shame. His method was peculiar. It was personal. He buttonholed men. He held them, and would not let them go until he was the means of blessing them. The most persistent sinner had scarcely a chance with the persistence of this man's goodness.

All over the Punjab he was known as 'R. B.,' and to know him was to feel for him a peculiarly intimate kind of love. 'One of his gifts,' says the biographer, 'was, so to speak, an insatiable sociability—a faculty which I have sometimes called

Socratic, in that, as is said of Socrates, he "talked to all comers, questioning them about their affairs, about the processes of their several occupations, about their notions of morality; in a word, about familiar matters in which they might be expected to take an interest." Socratic, too, he was in the way he tried to elicit moral lessons by question and answer, and in using the broad humour of humanity in illustration or in enforcing a point. But all such talk was with a purpose—that of "spying out the land," as he would say, so as to "get a shot in" somewhere. His manner in doing this was so manly, and simple, and engaging, that offence was not easily taken, and his great-hearted optimism enabled him to meet non-Christians with cordiality, even though he knew they might soon turn against him in bitter abuse. This was not the outcome of a slack good nature; it was the humanness of his sympathy with and comprehension of men as men.

As he went on in years doubtless his experience widened, and his knowledge of Indians and their motives in action deepened, but the fresh human charity and outgoing hopefulness were conspicuous from first to last. I remember once in Narowal, as we were going about the town, I was struck with the cordiality with which all the townspeople seemed to greet him and his more than equal return made in kind; and, further, as I expressed it to him, I did not see any difference in his treatment of Christians, and those who were not Christians. "Why should I make any, my dear fellow?" answered he. "If a man is not a Christian to-day—he may become one to-morrow!" On that very walk he pointed out to me a spot where, he told me as he came by, once in earlier days, a woman had caught up her little child who was enjoying himself in the gutter, with the exclamation, "*Shaitán aya*" (Satan has come), and hurried off with him so as to prevent R. B. from working him harm with his "evil eye."

The title is *Rowland Bateman: Nineteenth Century Apostle* (Church Miss. Society; 3s. net).

Prayer for the Dead.

When the war broke out we could not wait for a complete account of the Christian doctrine of the life to come. Our losses began at once. The trial to faith was as hard and needed as delicate handling as any in all the course of the war. And

so there came at once a sermon here and a pamphlet there, many of them most helpful and enlightening. But the systematic treatise had to come. For this subject of the future life is a great perplexity, and even the writers of sermons and pamphlets are apt to go astray. The Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, B.A., D.D., Principal of the Yorkshire Independent College, has written the book that was looked for. Its title is *Faith and Immortality* (Duckworth; 5s. net).

Dr. Griffith-Jones is a great scholar. Whatever he does, he does as thoroughly as a German would do it. But he writes as lucidly as an Englishman can write. And he is always in close touch with that Christian truth which has done so much already to redeem the world from iniquity. He divides his book into three parts, one critical, one historical, and one constructive. In the critical part he deals especially with the effect of the study of physical science on the belief in immortality. In the historical part he traces the history of the immortal hope through the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Apostolic Church. In the constructive part he states his own belief and gives his reasons for it.

We note just one thing which may be unexpected. It shows at least that Dr. Griffith-Jones is open-minded. Let us quote the passage. "During the long and weary months of this War thousands of devout fathers and mothers, wives, sisters, lovers, in all lands, have been besieging the throne of heavenly grace with passionate prayers for the safety and spiritual welfare of their dear ones at the Front. No one can put a limit to the prevailing influence of such prayers, nor what they mean for those on whose behalf they may rise as a sweet incense into the Unseen. *Many such prayers have continued long after many a lad whose fate is unknown has passed into the Unseen.* Have these prayers been useless and in vain? Do only those count that were offered before the hour and article of death? If so, then indeed the question is closed. But who, save those who are hedged in by doctrinaire presuppositions of the finality of death, would venture on such a statement? And if not, why should not those prayers be continued in faith that, in some unknown way, they form a link between us and those who are for the time lost to sense, but who may still be united to us by the secret benefits of loving supplications? Let those who feel thus follow their heart's instinct in

trustful faith, whatever others may say. Nor can we pass judgment on those whose traditions and upbringing are too stubborn to enable them to break away. In this region of delicate feeling and shadowy intuition, we cannot lay down any rules or regulations for common guidance: all must follow the light within, in the secret place where the soul has its most intimate fellowship with the Father of Lights, who is also Lord of Death and the giver of immortality.'

Canon Danks.

When the late Canon William Danks on one occasion preached before the University of Oxford, a well-known scholar declared that his sermon was the best he had ever heard from that pulpit. That is enough to attract our attention to a posthumous volume of sermons published under the title of *The Gospel of Consolation* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net). The volume is introduced by a preface from the Dean of Canterbury, an appreciation from Bishop Boyd Carpenter, and a memoir by the Rev. H. D. A. Major. The memoir has this striking thing in it.

'After his death a letter was found among his papers written some twelve years before and addressed to wife and children (a son and two daughters)—it concludes with these lines:

"I have been happy in having received nothing but good from those I love most, and I die in the hope that—

We shall all meet again;

Not by wood or plain,

Nor by the lake's green marge:

But on some greener shore,

We shall all meet once more

With our souls set at large."

Are the sermons worthy of all this interest? Yes, they are worthy. For once a man's work seems to have been not less than the man himself. But we shall be content to make a quotation out of one of the Oxford sermons. Its subject is our filling up by our sufferings that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ (Col 1²⁴).

Let us call the quotation

THE SIGN OF THE SON OF MAN.

St. Paul is, after our Lord Himself, the earliest and greatest of the interpreters of the Cross; and

I would leave with you two of the interpretations which were nearest to his heart. The first and plainest meaning of the Sign is that suffering which to a Jew was a mark of God's wrath and to the Greek or Roman a mark of a man's helplessness in the hands of fate—to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness—is and always has been bound up with some eternal purpose of mercy and uplifting. The dark thread of pain which runs through the ages is in some sense the clue by which the world finds its way to the light. The sense of tears in human things is the sense by which we learn our deepest lessons. In the groaning and travailing of Creation lies the promise of its future deliverance. Black, tragic, unspeakable as are some of the things that happen to flesh and blood, the suffering of this present time is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. When to a waiting world God gives a Sign, it is the Sign of the Cross. If the Cross is, as we believe, an interpretation of the life of God, then it is a sign that suffering is a part of that life as it is a part of ours. God suffers and travails with His suffering and travailing world when calamity befalls us; perhaps it is truer to say that He bears it with us than that He inflicts it upon us. The redemption of a world is by the path of pain, even to omnipotence. The world's sorrow is God's sorrow, and He like us passes to the victory of Love by the way of the Cross. Henceforth all suffering is consecrated. While a new hope brightens over the dark places of our lot, we are bound to be infinitely tender to all who suffer, and to regard them as bearing, consciously or unconsciously, their share in the great redemptive work, in the accomplishment of the Divine purpose.

And as the first meaning of the Sign of the Son of Man is hope for the world and light on God's great purpose in Creation, so the second meaning is direct, intimate—personal hope and light for every soul. It is that burdens borne willingly, trustfully, devoutly, in humble yet proud fulfilment of God's will, or in love for those whom God loves, are the supreme sacrifice in which He draws us near to Himself and whispers to us the secret things of His Spirit. This is the inward experience which has gladdened saints and martyrs in the extremity of their anguish and given trust and fortitude to those who have died in the fulfilment of duty. This is the experience which is given to you and me when we give ourselves wholly to His

holy will and work. This was perfectly and entirely the experience of Jesus Christ, because He alone of mankind gave Himself perfectly and entirely to the will of God and the love of men. And all those to the latest time who in spite of their failures and shortcomings, their sins and backslidings, try to endure in His Spirit and to share in His redeeming work, are filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ. Let us follow the Sign.

'Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he who to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.'

A Johnson Calendar.

The Johnson Calendar (Clarendon Press; 2s. net) is a very clever piece of work. It contains a quotation from the Life and Writings of Samuel Johnson for every day in the year. And such is the range and such the skill of choice that it will

be profitable as well as pleasant to have this much of Samuel Johnson every morning throughout the whole year. The editor, Mr. Alexander Montgomerie Bell, has scrupulously given the source of each quotation, and has added an occasional note from other sources. Take one quotation, from Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* :

'COME OUT AS I DO, AND BARK.'

As he liberally confessed that all his own disappointments proceeded from himself, he hated to hear others complain of general injustice. I remember when lamentation was made of the neglect shewed to Jeremiah Markland, a great philologist as some one ventured to call him—'He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir (replied Dr. Johnson), but remember that he would run from the world, and that it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and does nothing when he is there but sit and *growl*; let him come out as I do, and *bark*.'

The Denials of Peter.

By SIR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D., LITT.D., D.D., EDINBURGH.

V. THE PROPHECY OF JESUS ABOUT PETER'S DENIAL.

THAT Peter would deny his Master was foreseen and predicted by the latter. The prophecy (or perhaps the forecast of what Jesus saw in Peter's nature) throws some light on the fulfilment; and the occasion of the prophecy must be carefully examined. The examination takes us back into the earliest days of the little assembly at Jerusalem. The tale of Peter was famous from the first day, and was discussed in every group of Christians. The exact facts were settled by comparison. The meaning was canvassed: what did the mysterious words of Jesus hint at? As the days passed their meaning was established. The story, as Mark records it, is the tale that fixed itself in the memory of the first congregation. It takes us back to the beginning of things, and is a witness to the mind of the earliest Christians in the earliest days after the Crucifixion.¹

¹ The idea that Mark wrote the Gospel as Peter knew it, taking it from Peter's lips (the account in Eusebius, *H.E.* iii.

We have then to attempt to establish what Jesus in this prophecy seemed to the disciples to have in mind; but they thought differently at different times. They knew afterwards that they did not understand His words at the time they were spoken. They perceived later the meaning that lay in them; but, moreover, they did not suddenly attain to a right understanding. They made tentatives; and they even came sometimes to wrong interpretations, which lasted for a time. This is perhaps the most important result which emerges from the present study: it is not a study of illusions and fancies; it is a study of the progress of human souls towards better comprehension of facts and truth.²

39, from Papias), seems not to be justified by the character of the Gospel according to Mark. This is the Church's first Gospel, and gives the Church's earliest belief about facts. In this lies its transcendent value. Luke knows it, and sometimes improves, or at least alters, it in reliance on some specially authoritative individual.

² The idea often occurs in the Gospels, 'their eyes were holden that they should not know him' (Lk 24¹⁶, Jn 20¹⁴ 21⁴).

What was the intention and significance of Jesus' words? What did the disciples understand at the time? When and how did they come to understand? The prophecy about Peter was coupled with a certain intimation of departure, reported by different authorities at greater or lesser length and with different signification. What was its bearing? What were the words? The Gospels vary a good deal, both in regard to the words of the prophecy, and still more in respect of the conversation which preceded and followed it.

There is in this matter a difference of record. Mark places the departure of Judas before the rite: Luke puts it after, but tells little about Judas. Luke must be followed in this order. One cannot imagine that the presence of Judas at the rite was wrongly introduced, but one can easily see that the early Church shrank from the thought that the betrayer took part in it, for the early Church at that stage did not understand: the presence of Judas seemed unbecoming. Apparently Jesus intentionally allowed Judas the fullest opportunity to repent or to condemn himself.

That Judas was present at that first sacrament might be inferred also from the remarkable words of Paul (1 Co 11²⁷), 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat . . . or drink . . . unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord': such a one shall be involved in the same crime as Judas. He is betraying the Lord as Judas betrayed Him if he takes part unworthily in this commemoration of the Body and the Blood of the Saviour and 'proclaims the Lord's death.' I cannot believe that Paul would have expressed himself thus, unless there had been before his mind the historic case of the unworthy partaker of the first Eucharist. Judas condemned himself, when he failed to use the last and final opportunity to prove himself and to repent and to make himself worthy. There is in all these narratives the feeling that the betrayal was aggravated in guilt and made more hateful by the pretence of brotherhood and fellowship that preceded it. Jesus brought this pretence into higher prominence by giving Judas the sop: it is a special compliment at an Oriental meal to offer one guest a titbit. As Judas ate the sop, accepting the compliment, 'Satan entered into him.'¹ By

¹ John's account is to be preferred, correcting Mark and Matthew; Luke omits the incident, possibly feeling uncertain.

this crowning infamy he delivered himself over to the Power of Evil. Moreover, Paul says that just as Judas had died unable to support the burden of guilt, so some that partook unworthily of the Sacrament had already died: their guilt had killed them. This passage, 1 Co 11³⁰, must be read in conjunction with 1 Co 5⁵ and 1 Ti 1²⁰. The two latter, indeed, describe a curse uttered by Paul; but the Apostle only brings into operation the natural and divine law that crime works out its own punishment, the law by which Judas suffered. It is not Paul's power that chastises in those cases; it is the law of God that punishes, and the moral forces of nature that operate. Accordingly these three passages can be, and ought to be, used in illustration of one another.

According to Jn 22^{36f.} the forecast occurred at the supper. Peter caught up an expression of Jesus that He was on the point of departing, and that the disciples could not follow Him, and declared his readiness to die with his Lord. In answer to him the forecast was spoken. Then John adds a long exposition of what was meant by the expression of Jesus, that He was on the point of going away. It had been misinterpreted by Mark (reproducing the early Church tradition), as referring to His going away into Galilee after the Resurrection.² The discourse in which John expounds the real meaning, namely, that Jesus is departing to prepare a place for them, is not to be taken as a verbatim reproduction of a discourse spoken at this supper. It conveys John's impression regarding the general spirit of the Saviour's teaching; and probably contains much that was characteristic of His teaching on other occasions. In his Gospel John deals with only a few episodes in the life of Jesus, wonderfully few when they are counted up; and the whole gist of His teaching, *i.e.* all that John has to record of it, is compressed into those few situations. This whole discourse is reported here, because it suits the occasion spiritually.

If John is to be followed, the saying of Jesus partakes more of the nature of a prophecy: before the testing period of the coming daylight has begun, Peter will have failed.

² 'After I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee' (Mk 14²⁸, Mt 26³²). That the Lord spoke of going away (as John says) is established by the tradition in Mark. Luke's report is less accurate verbally; but 22^{36f.} show that going away was mentioned.

Mark alone speaks of the cock crowing 'twice.' Perhaps the word 'twice' might have dropped from the story, for Oriental apologue clings to the moral, and aims at emphasizing it, and loses hold of what is not essential. But (1) this would not explain why the account of the witness John does not contain the word 'twice': especially if we believe (as the present writer does) that John knew the Gospels at least of Luke and Mark, and wrote accordingly. (2) It would also not explain why Luke and Matthew, who admittedly used the Gospel of Mark as a fundamental authority, cut out the word 'twice': they possessed evidence which led them to omit that word. On the other hand, in a story circulating in the congregation, it would be not improbable that the rhyme 'twice, thrice' (δὶς . . . τρίς) should impose itself as making the story effective; the rhyme was perhaps introduced into the popular story, and so Mark heard and wrote it; but the other authorities corrected him.

The weight of evidence, therefore, is in favour of John, and against Mark. But the difference is slight; and the really important thing is that, whichever form is correct, the prophecy or forecast was exactly fulfilled.

Mark, followed by Matthew, seems to place this prophecy, or rather this forecast of the action to which Peter's youth and his impulsive nature would be sure to carry him, in the interval between leaving the supper-room and arriving at the garden. Mark's account, however, is not inconsistent with the supposition that the forecast was spoken at the moment of starting and before actually leaving the house of the supper. If that be so, then according to the early Church oral tradition (which Mark preserves best) the conversation which led to the forecast would be associated with the first move to go forth from the house and to begin this new and great undertaking. Consideration of the circumstances shows that this must have been so. Little conversation would be possible during the dark night-walk¹ from the supper-room through the narrow Oriental streets and down the steep and narrow road to the Kidron and across the stream to Gethsemane; and the conversation could not possibly be general.² Any one who has traversed the way down to the

Kidron³ knows this. We must therefore infer from Mark that the fateful words of Jesus were spoken just before the company went forth into the night.

Luke, on the other hand, with the account given by Mark in his hands, follows an authority which he ranks very high, and distinctly places the forecast of Jesus immediately before they went out of the house. He appends to it some instruction about the kind of preparation that is required for this new enterprise. This is practically the same occasion as Mark has in mind: the company has been warned by the Master that some new undertaking is on hand, it is thinking of starting and is making ready, but has not actually gone out into the night, where they would have to walk in separate small groups. Whether the verb 'they went forth' comes before (Mk., Mt.), or after (Lk.), the forecast is a detail of small consequence; but, as Luke preferred on full examination to make this slight modification of Mark's narrative, we follow him without hesitation.

It may be confidently assumed that the steep and stony footpath which leads down to the Kidron from St. Stephen's Gate is the sort of path by which people descended in the time of Christ. The glen was regarded as unclean; and it was probably this reputation which made Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives a district where Jesus could find privacy and quiet nights so close to the city.⁴ It was probably because the glen of the Kidron lay outside the thoughts of men, that the chief priests had to corrupt one of the disciples in order to find out that Jesus usually spent the night there. His days were spent in the full view of men, but He was lost at night. To reach this deep gorge, 385 feet below the Temple area, it is not probable that a well-constructed road like the new modern one, which goes off to the left from the old footpath, existed at the time when the valley was considered unclean. The martyrdom of Stephen is said to have taken place at the point where the old road and the new

³ I was one of a party numbering about a dozen who went down this road together. In order to talk it would have been necessary to stop the walk for a time, and gather at some point. The theory of general conversation on such a walk is absurd; even more so if the company was listening to a discourse.

⁴ On the bearing of this love for the Mount of Olives on the habits of Jesus at Jerusalem, see *The Education of Christ*, pp. 38, 73 ff.

¹ On the darkness, even at full moon, see section II.

² Westcott assumes that Jn 15, 16 were spoken during the walk from the house to the Kidron.

re-unite.¹ It was for a purpose like this that the Jews went down to the Kidron; and in ordinary circumstances Jesus might count on finding solitude at Gethsemane, a little way up the steep eastern bank of the gorge, rising to the Mount of Olives.

The occasion of this forecast or prophecy, according to the tradition enshrined in Mark, was that Jesus warned the disciples of the disaster to which they would be exposed during the present night: they would be scattered far and wide. This warning evidently must have been spoken before they actually started from the house: its terms relate to the inception of the new enterprise. Jesus explains that He will go away, and that later they will be re-united with Him. This comforting prophecy is not rightly interpreted in Mark, 'Howbeit, after I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee': and John corrects the error; Jesus was going away to prepare for the reunion in a better place.² This is one of the many occasions when the disciples recognized in later years that at the time they had not caught the right meaning of the Master's words, but there is hardly any other case where the wrong interpretation stands in the Gospels unnoted.³ The reason is here that Mark caught and preserved the Church tradition at an extremely early time. The story had already taken form within a few days of the event. The whole Church in Jerusalem was speaking of the forecast, and general consent imposed the form. This form belongs to the time when the Christians in Jerusalem had just begun to hear that Jesus had gone away into Galilee. It is not so late as the Ascension, for after that event there could no longer be any possibility of misunderstanding the words of Jesus about His departure. But, when the tale of Peter was in daily discussion, the news reached Jerusalem that Jesus had appeared in Galilee; then it appeared to all that this was the meaning of His words, 'I go to prepare a place for you'; and so the form was fixed, 'I will go before you into Galilee.' Whence once the popular version in the Church at Jerusalem had been stereotyped, the form remained as fixed as the Church itself.

¹ Kennedy in Hastings' *D.B.*, Baedeker, and personal observation of the steep path, are the authorities in this paragraph.

² Jn 13³⁰ 14^{2f.}: it is instructive to compare Mark's brief notice with John's long account of the words used.

³ Generally there is a warning expressed about the failure of the disciples to see the truth at the moment.

The conversation about going away naturally arose after the departure of Judas from the supper-room, and accompanied the preparation of the disciples to go forth into the night and the street. Judas had remained to the last, till he was actually ordered out of the room. He partook of the meal along with his victim: he had his feet washed by his Master: he took part in the rite which was ever after to be done 'in remembrance of me': he was specially complimented, like an honoured guest, by receiving from the hands of Jesus a chosen morsel, which the Master dipped in the dish and gave to him.⁴

Some commentators attempt to determine the hour of cock-crowing from the Roman system of night-watches. This is a characteristically German method.⁵ We, however, should not go to the Romans to learn what cock-crow means, but rather should take the habits of cocks as a guide in the difficult matter of understanding the Roman *vigilie*, which moderns often quote without knowing how difficult the matter is; a certain amount of inaccurate knowledge passes down from hand to hand; but the ancient divisions of time are obscure, because they were loose.

The speculations of commentators as to the

⁴ Jn 13²⁷⁻³⁰, Lk 22²¹ (the Fourth Gospel omits the institution of the Sacrament, which is to be placed at 13¹). The account of John is to be preferred to the others. The latter describe the act as a simultaneous dipping in the dish by the people who partook of the meal. All ate in Eastern fashion from one dish placed in the centre of the circle. At the end the guests mop up the liquid remnants of the food with their bread, and eat the sop which each has in hand. Our view is that the Eucharist and 'the cup after supper' were both finished, and that, as John says, this was a special act of grace and courtesy. Jesus took a last piece of bread, dipped it in the dish, and presented it to Judas. In Western custom the action has no special significance and could not occur, for it is alien to table etiquette; but in Oriental custom it was natural and possible as a special mark of honour to the chief guest.

⁵ A German scholar, for example, Chamblu, in *Philologus*, xlv., publishes an elaborate study of the visit of Vespasian to Egypt in 69 A.D. There was an exceptionally high Nile while he was there, and this scholar elicits from Pliny that high Nile takes place in July; and as Vespasian went to Egypt in autumn 69, it follows that he remained there till July 70. This would revolutionize the chronology of the period. Any modern authority on Nile-rising, even the familiar Baedeker, would give the information that Vespasian coming to Egypt in the autumn of 69, would soon after he arrived have the opportunity of seeing a specially high Nile flood in October of that year. The highest floods occur late: the Nile rises rapidly 20th-30th July, but is not at its highest then. Yet this dissertation is still quoted as an authority.

time and manner of cock-crow, usually founded on some misinterpretation of Roman usage, are misleading. Apropos of Mark, who makes Jesus speak of the cock crowing twice, one scholar gathers from the Roman custom in night-watches and divisions of time that 'the first cock-crowing, less certain than the second, might be about midnight: the second towards 3 A.M.'

It is best to go to nature and to popular usage (for cock-crow is really a conventional term arbitrarily applied). A cock may crow at almost any hour. (For this I can vouch, as I have lain awake during hundreds of Asian nights, and often thought of Peter as the cocks crew.) Also in early March 1916, I spent a week beside a poultry yard near London, and heard crowing at any time between 2 and 5.15 A.M. There is, however, a special chorus, usually just before the first gleam of light, but varying in fact by nearly an hour on two successive days, as I have noticed. Probably the first of the chorus becomes sensible of the approach of dawn, and proclaims the fact: the others take up the cry, if it is not too early. There is, thus, a series of isolated crowings, at long intervals, and at last a real chorus; and later comes the dawn of light. This chorus is what the ancients mean by cock-crow. It takes place at night, and yet it is closely associated with the first appearance of dim light.

Cicero was a very early riser. He often speaks of writing letters to his friends at night, by which he means the period before the dawn. He therefore knew the facts; and he says, 'There is no time, whether of night or day, that cocks do not crow.'¹ It was not mere chance crowing that made the bird so important in domestic life, and in the theory of omens. His name in Greek, Alektryon, implies high rank; four syllables carry dignity. He played the part of a clock in an early time when there were no clocks. He intimated the time at night, when it is hard to guess the lapse of time. By day one had the sun as a measure; by night primitive society was dependent on the cock.

There was one cock-crow that was fairly regular. All others were fortuitous. Before the first peep of dawn the crowing of the cock came as a herald of the light. The night was still dark when the cock intimated to all that it was time for active people to be stirring; and religion and folklore set a high value on him.

¹ *De Div.* ii. 26, 54.

The period from midnight to cock-crowing, which is said to be the third Roman watch, is a popular description of the latter part of night, the time when ghosts of the dead are allowed to wander: they must be back in their place before the light begins, and cock-crow is the signal for their departure; as in the ballad of the 'Wife of Usher's Well,'

The cock doth crow, the day doth daw.

Unless they depart at the first sound they will be missed out of their place. There is here no thought of odd crowings at uncertain intervals of the night. There is only the one crowing, and no other, that serves as a mark of time. A critical mind like Cicero's, trained to comparative exactness in such matters (though not to modern standards of precision), found that cock-crow was an unsatisfactory indication of the lapse of time, because a cock might crow at any hour; but popular belief regarded cock-crowing as a definite and single mark of time. Browning, also, connects the crowing with dawn:

'till cock-crow,
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rockrow.'

But the ancients associate the note of the cock with night rather than with day (so both Horace, *Sat.* i. i. 10, and Martial, *Ep.* ix. 70); for the Romans habitually spoke of the last moments before the first dawn of light as night-time.

Cock-crow is not to be understood simply as a mere chance crowing: it is a rough popular estimate of a certain point in the progress of night. There was only one 'cock-crow' in the twenty-four hours, namely, that moment near the dawn. Before that moment arrives, Peter will have failed.

What, then, is to be made of Mark's account, which speaks of the second cock-crow as the fateful term? This would have to be understood as the second morning. It would imply that the whole of the coming period of daylight, when the trial would take place, was left open: *i.e.*, as it was now about 8 or 9 P.M. on Thursday, the prophecy extends the time until 4 or 5 A.M. on Saturday. If the saying of Jesus is to be understood as a forecast of what Peter was likely to do, then Mark is probably right. Jesus knew the impulsive nature of Peter, and dreaded lest he should fail in the test of the day that had just begun. The most

testing period would be likely to begin only after the first cock-crow, at the trial and death of the Lord.

The following is a rough attempt to restore the incidents in this part of the story from the four Evangelists; and it will be seen that John and Mark must be taken here as fundamental. A few additions needed to connect the parts are put in square brackets:—

John	[After the institution of the Lord's Supper as a rite to be done in the Church and the departure of Judas from the supper], Jesus saith . . . 'Whither I go ye cannot come' . . . Simon Peter saith unto Him, 'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered, 'Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards. Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren. Yet
Luke	

Mt., Mk.

John
Luke

Mt., Mk.

I will go before you to prepare for you.' Peter saith unto Him, 'Lord, why cannot I follow thee even now?' [And in like manner the rest all said they would follow Him], and Jesus saith unto them, 'All ye shall be offended (in me this night, *Mt.*), for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered abroad.' [And Peter said], 'I will lay down my life for thee, Lord, with thee I am ready to go both to prison and to death.' And He said, 'Wilt thou lay down thy life for me? I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow (twice, *Mk.*), until thou hast denied me thrice.' But Peter spake exceeding vehemently, 'If I must die with thee, I will not deny thee.' Likewise also said they all.¹

¹ I omit v. 28⁽³²⁾ showing the misunderstanding of Christ's words that He was going away. Perhaps Mk 14²⁷, Mt 26³¹ should come here, but more probably they follow closer after. His reference to going away.

Contributions and Comments.

Psalm xliii. 6 and the 'Hound of Heaven.'

It is well known that the expression, 'And I will dwell,' in the sentence, 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever,' is not in the Massoretic Text, which reads וְיָשַׁבְתִּי, 'I will return.' As 'I will return' in this connexion makes little or no sense, the translators of the English versions, following the example of the Vulgate, etc., have emended the text to וְיָשַׁבְתִּי ('and I will dwell'), assuming that the initial ' has somehow or other been lost by the scribal copyists.

The accidental omission of a ' is, it may be remarked, a very common phenomenon in Hebrew. It is, however, somewhat rare when, as in this case, it is the first root letter, and when there is not another ' at the end of the preceding word. This in itself would not, of course, be sufficient to make one dispute the correctness of the time-honoured emendation.

Another fact has, however, to be taken into

account. The whole line, with the exception of the conjunction, is quoted or embedded in Ps 27⁴ (where it is probably a gloss), but the important ' is still amissing. There would therefore appear to be some ground for the suspicion that שָׁבַת and not יָשַׁבְתִּי was what the Psalmist originally wrote.

The question then arises—what meaning can be assigned to שָׁבַת? Here the principles of Hebrew parallelism should help us.

The last two verses of the Psalm form a four-lined stanza made up of two pentameter couplets. The first couplet, which in both lines addresses Jahweh in the second person (He is spoken of in the second couplet in the third person), and is complete in itself, pictures Jahweh as a host with the Psalmist as guest:

Thou prepared a table before me | in the presence of my
foes

Thou anointed my head with oil | my cup runneth over.

With the next line, however, the imagery completely changes. Instead of the Psalmist representing himself as a guest, he now comes into the picture

as a hunted creature. The usual rendering of the line:

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

diverts attention from this fact. It should be translated:

Surely Goodness and *Love pursue me* (יִרְדּוּפוֹ), etc.

רָדַף normally signifies hostile pursuit, though hostility is not necessarily implied. 'Follow' is quite an inadequate translation.

The imagery of the Psalmist is, in fact, closely akin to that of Francis Thompson in his immortal poem, 'The Hound of Heaven,' wherein the soul is represented as being steadily hunted down by the never tiring Love of God.

I fled Him down the nights and down the days . . .

I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind . . .

Fear wist not to evade as *Love wist to pursue*

Still with unhurrying chase

And unperturbed pace

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy

Came on the following feet

And a Voice above their beat. . . .

The recognition of this imagery supplies us with the key to the meaning of שָׁבְחִי in the next line of the couplet, for the two lines are really closely parallel, and the second line, which is doubtful in meaning, must be interpreted in accord with the significance of the first.

Comparing the two we find that 'for ever' (lit. 'for length of days') is equivalent to 'all the days of my life': 'Jahveh' balances 'Goodness and Love,' especially when one recognizes that, according to the Psalmist's imagery, these are personified. (It is 'Jahveh,' not 'house,' which is the significant word. בֵּית, lit. 'in the house of' does not mean the Temple or any definite dwelling-place, but is here little more than a preposition, like the French *chez*.)

In accordance with this close parallelism, וְשָׁבְחִי ought in some way to correspond with 'pursue me.' The rendering, 'and I will dwell' (וַיִּשְׁבְּחִי) or, 'and my dwelling' (וְשִׁבְחִי), is obviously out of the question, if any weight whatsoever is given to the matter of balance and correct parallelism.

We venture to suggest, therefore, that וְשָׁבְחִי should be pointed וְשִׁבְחִי (=and my captivity), written defectively for וַיִּשְׁבְּחִי. This would complete the parallelism and carry on the imagery perfectly from 'pursuit' to 'capture.'

The climax of the 'Hound of Heaven' is likewise the overtaking and capture of the hunted soul.

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand the bruit

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea . . .

'All which I took from thee I did but take [It said]

Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.

All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home,

Rise, clasp my hand, and come!

The couplet in the Psalm would thus read:

Surely Goodness and Love *pursue me* | all the days of my life

And *my captivity* is in the house of Jahveh | for length of days.

or paraphrastically:

And *I am the captive of Jahveh* | for length of days.

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The Spiritual Body.

I.

THE explanation of 1 Co 15^{42ff.} cited by Mr. Kirkland-Whittaker from a sermon of Dr. Momerie's was anticipated by Erasmus and Calvin and has been adopted by a considerable number of recent scholars, including T. C. Edwards, J. H. Bernard, R. H. Charles, G. G. Findlay, W. Milligan, R. St. John Parry. On the other hand, the reference to burial is upheld by James Drummond and W. G. Rutherford, as well as by the great majority of earlier expositors such as T. S. Evans and Charles Ellicott, and by all modern Roman Catholic commentators.

Dr. Alfred Plummer accepts the 'burial' view in his notes *ad loc.* (Inter. Crit. Com.), but with his usual fairness states the case for the other interpretation in clear and precise language which may here be quoted. 'No such use of σπείρειν, it is said, has been produced. Moreover, the analogy about the difference between the seed sown and the plant that rises from it shows that St. Paul cannot mean burial when he speaks of "sowing." His argument is that the seed is *not* dead when it is sown, but that it must die before it is quickened. In the animal world, death precedes burial; but, in vegetation, the burial of the seed precedes

death, the death that is necessary for the new life. The same holds good of John 12²⁴, where *πεσὼν εἰς τὴν γῆν* is used for being sown, and the "falling into the earth" precedes the dying. In human existence, what precedes the death that prepares the way for resurrection is life in this world, and this is what is meant by *σπείρεται*. The vital germ is placed in material surroundings, like seed in soil, and continues in them until death sets the vitality free to begin a new career under far more glorious conditions. With this interpretation the contradiction involved in calling a corpse a *σῶμα ψυχικόν* is avoided; and the sudden intrusion of the thought of burial, which occurs nowhere from v. 12 onwards, is avoided also.' Dr. Plummer, while admitting that this explanation may be correct, contends that the marked inclusion of Christ's burial in vv. 3-4 gives considerable support to the other interpretation, and that sowing is a very natural figure to use respecting the dead body of one who is to rise again.

The eminent Swiss commentator F. Godet rejects both of these views as applying to the whole of the passage, but accepts each of them as applying to a part. He thinks that the order of the four antitheses in vv. 42-44 is in a manner retrograde, and that the meaning of *σπείρειν* is modified and widened as it proceeds—referring first to interment (*σπείρεται ἐν φθορᾷ*), next to the humiliating conditions of earthly life (*σπείρεται ἐν ἀτιμίᾳ*), then to the weakness of the infant at the moment of birth (*σπείρεται ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ*), and lastly to the moment when the breath of life is communicated to the physical germ (*σπείρεται σῶμα ψυχικόν*). I am not aware that any scholar has been convinced by Godet's elaborate argument in favour of this interpretation, which seems rather far-fetched on the face of it. Perhaps Dr. Plummer (my dear old tutor and friend) may, on further consideration, be won over to the view that he combated faintheartedly five or six years ago!

J. H. BURN.

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II.

THE interpretation of 1 Co 15^{42ff.} mentioned by Mr. H. Kirkland-Whittaker is to be found in a volume of sermons by the late Robert Killip, F.R.A.S., entitled *Citizens of the Universe* (Kelly).

The whole collection of discourses deserves to be widely known as the production of a singularly devout and vigorous thinker, whose memory as a colleague and friend the present writer will ever gratefully cherish. The title of the sermon is 'The God-given Body,' and the preacher remarks: 'The sowing time in this argument is not the time of our burial, but the time of our birth.' 'A note of personal explanation' is subjoined to the sermon, disclosing the fact that the writer had arrived independently at this interpretation of the apostle's argument, though the same view had been advanced by Dr. W. Milligan in the *Expositor*, vol. ii. p. 37 (fourth series). Dr. Milligan quotes Godet as follows: "'Sow" thus embraces all the phases of the body's existence, which, beginning with the first dawn of being, terminates in committal to the earth': and gives it as his own opinion that 'all the earthly course of man . . . from the cradle to the grave, is the time of his being sown.'

The usual interpretation of the passage is largely a matter of association. The chapter forms part of the Burial service, and is read at a time when the analogy between seed-sowing and the interment of the dead in the ground appears to be singularly forceful. But that it is an error to limit the application of the apostle's words to the grave, no one will deny who realizes how the phrases 'sown in corruption,' 'sown in dishonour,' 'sown in weakness,' 'sown a psychical body,' accurately describe the course of human existence from its beginning to its end (note *σπείρεται*, the tense of a continuous process). Does not the apostle say 'I die daily'? All his life is a process of dying: and we die in order to live, not in the moment only when the dissolution of body and soul takes place, but throughout our earthly sojourn, as our spirit responds to and is quickened by the energies of the spiritual order. R. MARTIN POPE.

Keswick.

John xviii. 15.

WHO was that ἄλλος μαθητής? How was John known to the High Priest? Could Peter have met Judas face to face so soon after the betrayal with any semblance of friendship? Which of the others could have entered the palace?

The word *μαθητής* does not necessarily imply

one of the Twelve, cf. 19³⁸. The silence of the Synoptists shows a reticence on Peter's part on the circumstances which led to his memorable disgrace, and on John's too, if he were actually present. If he were not, only the 'other disciple' could have told him.

There was one to whom John was considerably indebted for the material of his Gospel. If Jesus was alone in Jerusalem, cf. 2¹³ with 3²², the account of the interview by night, 3¹⁻¹⁵, must have come from Nicodemus. He would also be the ultimate authority for 7⁵⁰⁻⁵¹, and probably for 11⁴⁷⁻⁵³ and the minor detail recorded in 19³⁹. All this implies a later acquaintance between the 'ruler of the Jews' and the Evangelist. Did this originate with an action kindly meant towards John's inseparable friend?

Nicodemus was known to the High Priest: the more intimate they were, the better we can explain the escape of Nicodemus from insult during the trial of Jesus. His position, and his former conduct in the presence of 'the chief priests and Pharisees,' are in entire harmony with his entrance into the palace of the High Priest, his freedom of movement within, his authority with the maid at the door, and his sympathy with the sorrowing disciple outside. The omission of his name was tactful at a time when Christians were learning to face persecution. Was he that ἄλλος μαθητής?

E. ABBEY TINDALL.

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Psalm cxx. 5, 6.

I DO not as yet understand the 120th Psalm, but in one point I believe I have discovered the true explanation which, so far as I know, has not hitherto been thought of by any of our commentators. After the two lines—

Woe is me that I sojourn in *Meshech*,
That I dwell among the tents of *Kedar*,

follows a third line, the first word of which is *rabbath* (רבּת). If we write this word with a capital, the new explanation is found—

Rabbath has my soul as her dwelling.

The sequel, as already the Septuagint took it, is—

With him that hateth peace I am *for* peace,
And when I speak they are for war.

It is the more remarkable that the idea of taking *rabbath* as a proper name, and not as an ap-

pellative, has never occurred to any commentator, because a trace of our interpretation is already to be found in the Targum, where we read: '*More than they* I dwelt with *Edom* the hater of peace.' Here the insertion of *Edom* is certainly due to this *rabbath* (cf. Ps. lxxxiii. 6 ff.). I should be very glad if this suggestion of mine should lead to a better historical understanding of this first Song of Ascents.

EB. NESTLE.

'New Light on the Hittite Problem.'

My paper with this title in the December issue was written in India, and the proof was not corrected by me. May I note that the pamphlet I reported was sent me by Professor Deissmann, and that the Norwegian 'Zorp' is a colleague of 'Geissmann' in the University of Weissnichtwo: read Torp. Your readers have discovered for themselves that *centum* and *satem* mean 'hundred' rather than 'hunted.'

JAMES HOPE MOULTON.

Colombo.

St. Luke xix. 8.

IT has been for many years my opinion that the interpretation of Zacchæus' words which Dr. Willcock favours and defends (THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, February 1917, p. 236) is right. I venture to give an illustration taken from Victor Hugo's drama *Les Burgraves* (Part II. scene 4). The old Duke Job has just heard that, through the mysterious skill of a slave-woman, his beloved niece Regina, whom he thought dying, has suddenly recovered her health. Joyfully he exclaims:

... Cette esclave est libre. Je lui donne
Cent livres d'or, des champs, des vignes! Je
pardonne
Aux condamnés à mort dans ce burg gémissants.
J'accorde la franchise à mille paysans. . . .

Of course, such has not been Job's custom during his long life; on the contrary, his present and unexpected generosity is the result of a sudden impulse, of an irresistible feeling of gratitude, which produces a complete transformation of his whole being.

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

William Watson.

Amazingly clever are many of the poems in Mr. Watson's new book, of which the title is *Retrogression, and Other Poems* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Some are sarcastically clever, as this:

TO A LITERARY CLERIC.

I would not have you scorn archdeaconships,
Or comfortable deaneries refuse;
Yet should I mourn, did these things quite
eclipse
Your mild and worthy Muse.

Nor shall I watch incurious your career;
For though your heart on things above be set,
You lack not gifts such as avail us here,
And may reach Lambeth yet.

Others are quite as clever reverently, as this on Milton's use of the sonnet:

A hundred Poets bend proud necks to bear
This yoke, this bondage. He alone could 'don
His badges of subjection with the air
Of one who puts a King's regalia on.

Edward Shillito.

How few are the great preachers who have been able to write poetry. The Rev. Edward Shillito is reckoned a great preacher even in London. That he is also a poet we already know. Out of many magazines he has gathered some sixty of his poems and had them published in Oxford through Mr. Blackwell, under the title of *The Omega, and Other Poems*. Every one of them offers itself for quotation; we shall be content with this one:

THE TEMPLES.

Come to Thy temples, Jesus, come to-day;
Dream dreams of us, as once a wondering
Boy
Within His Father's House dreamed time away,
Come with that awe and joy.

For these our lives are temples, built of old,
In faith that shaped us for Thy praise alone;
The dead in us adore Thee; prayers untold
And dreams in us live on.

But come to us, Lord Jesus, with the cords,
And scourge the money-changers from Thy
home;
Thy praise sounds faint amid the jangling
words,
In wrath and judgment come!

Come, Jesus, there is darkness on the land,
But through the veil what hidden glories
wait!
Come, rend the veil with Thy late-wounded
hand,
Come, it is dark and late.

Wheels.

What has come to the Oxford poets who have written this book called *Wheels* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) that their outlook on life is so unhopeful? Their names are Nancy Cunard, Osbert Sitwell, Iris Tree, E. W. Tennant, Edith Sitwell, Arnold James, Sacheverell Sitwell, Victor Tait Perowne, and Helen Rootham. And they are poets every one. But they have no outlook beyond the immediate present. Nancy Cunard passes in the train and sees:

Smoke-stacks, coal-stacks, hay-stacks, slack,
Colourless, scentless, pointless, dull;
Railways, highways, roadways, black,
Grantham, Birmingham, Leeds and Hull.

Steamers, passengers, convoys, trains,
Merchandise travelling over the sea;
Smut-filled streets and factory lanes,
What can these ever mean to me?

Is it war weariness? There is no word of war.
And yet it seems more than a passing fashion.
Take this, again from the same author:

This is no time for prayers or words or song.
With folded hands we sit and slowly stare.
The world's old wheels go round, and like a
fair
The clowns and peep-shows ever pass along.
Our brains are dumb with cold, and worn with
strife,
And every day has lingered on our faces
Marking its usual course and weary paces
With cruel cunning care and sober knife.

Fate, like a sculptor working with great tools,
 Now moulds his genius into clever ways.
 Our souls are cut and torn all for his praise
 When his great masterpiece is praised by fools;
 Yet winter comes like death, and takes the
 pride
 From his strong hands that held us till we died.

William John Ferrar.

In the very first poem of his book *Three Faces in a Hood* (Pitman; 1s. net), Mr. Ferrar might be reproving the Oxford poets of whom we have been speaking. This is a poem:

TO A SAD SINGER.

Laugh, poet, laugh!
 Hast thou no merry runnel in thy heart,
 For us to quaff,
 Where all the sun-rays beam and dart,
 Up-welling from the eternal springs,
 Where God sits and sings?

God is most glad!
 For all they paint Him old with a grave face,
 Solemn, and sad,
 Grey hairs, and venerable grace,
 Brows burdened with long thinking on the plan
 To save His lost child Man.

God's name is Joy!
 If thou would'st see His features limned aright
 Paint Him a boy,
 A gladsome spirit and a bright,
 His Will gay-flowing as a joyous river,
 Now to Forever!

Were He weighed down,
 As we by sullen melancholy care,
 Not thus He'd crown
 Earth with a garland prodigally fair,
 But scanty as a grandame decks a child
 With a dull heart though mild.

See! His Own Life
 Ripe, full and free leaps to the sight in her,
 With laughter rife!
 Art thou His minister?
 Give us a measure of His cup to quaff!
 Laugh, poet, laugh!

C. H. Sorley.

The third edition has been published of *Marlborough, and Other Poems*, by the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley (Cambridge: At the University Press; 3s. 6d. net). This third edition has the advantage over the previous two that it contains a number of quotations from Captain Sorley's prose writings. 'Illustrations in Prose,' they are called. These illustrations are nearly all taken from letters. We take this, however, from an essay on Masfield. 'We stand by the watershed of English poetry; for the vastness and wonder of modern life has demanded that men should know what they write about. Behind us are the poets of imagination; before us are the poets of fact. For Masfield as a poet may be bad or good: I think him good, but you may think him bad: but, good or bad, he has got this quality which no one can deny and few belittle. He is the first of a multitude of coming poets (so I trust and pray) who are men of action before they are men of speech, and men of speech because they are men of action. Those whom, because they do not live in our narrow painted groove, we call the Lower Classes, it is they who truly know what life is: so to them let us look for the true expression of life. One has already arisen, and his name is Masfield. We await the coming of others in his train.'

But let us quote also one of the poems. It will stand beside the illustration:

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

From morn to midnight, all day through,
 I laugh and play as others do,
 I sin and chatter, just the same
 As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the stage
 I dance and tumble and do rage
 So vehemently, I scarcely see
 The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
 Visit, a heart I have forgot,
 A self that I have never met,
 A secret shrine—and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
 Unwittingly I keep white and whole,
 Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
 To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.

H. R. King.

Mr. Henry R. King has great facility in the writing of religious verse. In his book entitled *The Syrian Soldier, and Other Poems* (Allman), there is a series of poems on Naaman, whence the title, another series on the titles of our Lord in the Epistle to the Hebrews. And there are many expositions of texts. Let us take this as a fair example:

I CORINTHIANS xiii. 13.

Faith's strong pinions, bear us sunward
Into wondrous light,
Pressing forward, pressing onward,
Soon 'tis lost in sight.

Hope, with many a sunlit promise,
Gilds the thorny way,
Cheers us, until hidden from us,
Lost in perfect day.

Love alone, alone remaineth,
With unchanging name,
All its power it aye retaineth—
Love remains the same.

Constance L. Maynard.

Mrs. Constance L. Maynard has written a long poem under the title of *A True Mother* (Marshall Brothers; 5s. net). The mother resolves, on the birth of her firstborn, that she will spare no pains and no prayers in a lifelong effort to train him for God. Other four children come, whose development is directed with the same unceasing anxiety. Her hopes and purposes are set forth in poems that are truly poetical in spite of the very deliberate and determined purpose that pervades them. She herself is instructed at every stage of the journey of life of her little ones by 'Experience,' who speaks in those difficult long lines with which Longfellow has made us familiar. It is a great experiment, not only in poetry but in training, and one is thankful to find that it comes out so successfully in the end. The volume contains a large number of full-page illustrations in colour. Here

are the last two verses in the book, for it is difficult to make quotation. 'Experience' is the speaker:

This is the corporate effort, energetic, unending, most noble,
Here you lie hidden behind your work, and others reap praises.
Ever to God alone you labour, and glimpses of glory
Come to you radiant with joy as a heart is won for the Kingdom.
Mother of many souls (not only of five but of hundreds)
Spring like a fountain of love ever fresh for the next generation,
Serving and blessing the world, for 'the child is the hope of the future.'
Then as the years stretch behind you, the sweet lights of Heaven grow clearer,
Think of Hannah, and think of Elizabeth, rest and be happy.

Mother, I have no more to tell you. You are such a Mother.
Offering all your flock to the work of the Kingdom of Heaven.
Hark to the chimes as they ring out their tale o'er the homes of the sleepers,
Hark and rejoice, for you share in the song with its swelling and sinking.
Lifting its resonant peal high up to the clouds of the midnight,—
'Glory to God in the highest! Honour and power and blessing,
Be to the Lamb on the Throne, who reigneth for ever and ever.'

W. M. Letts.

The war has laid its hand with a strong grasp on this Irish poet. He gives his book the title of *Hallow-E'en, and Poems of the War* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). There are poems which may have been written before the war came upon us, but the war poems are the substance and the strength of the book. We take this for example:

HE PRAYED.

He prayed,
There where he lay,
Blood-sodden and unkempt,
As never in his young carelessness he'd dreamt
That he could pray.

He prayed ;
 Not that the pain should cease,
 Nor yet for water in the parching heat,
 Nor for death's quick release,
 Nor even for the tardy feet
 Of stretcher-bearers bringing aid.

He prayed ;
 Cast helpless on the bloody sod :
 'Don't trouble now, O God, for me,
 But keep the boys. Go forward with them,
 God !
 O speed the Camerons to victory.'
 The kilts flashed on: 'Well played,' he sighed,
 'well played.'
 Just so he prayed.

F. R. H. Wicker.

A really beautiful and attractive patriotic masque has been written by Mr. Wicker under the title of *The Making of the Flag* (Elliot Stock ; rs. net). The last song and chorus will show that there is poetry in it also :

'THE FLAG OF THE MOTHERLAND.'

O land of glory, brave and fair,
 True Home of British hearts,
 In Thy great heritage of fame
 Grant we may bear our parts.
 From North and South, from East and West,
 One shout rings out to-day—
 'We come to fight for Home and Right,—
 Let nought the Flag dismay !'

Blue, for the seas that bear it secure
 In the hollow of God's right hand ;
White, for the Light that shines from afar
 To guide to the Heavenly strand ;
Red, for the love that surrendered all,
 Nor at the call did lag ;—
 Cross-crowned and love-decked, blood-bought
 and God-blessed,—
 All hail to the Motherland's Flag !

Mildred Low.

Five poems are contained in the pretty little volume entitled *Victory or Death*, by Mildred

Low (Elliot Stock ; rs. net). They are poems of the war ; this is the first of them :

We see our soldiers march away
 To victory—or is it death ?
 'A splendid lot of men,' we say,
 With sudden tears and catching breath.

One, dry-eyed, watches them from sight.
 'I lost my son last month in France,'
 He says: 'I'd go myself to-night,
 With these chaps, if I had the chance.'

Oh, faith divine ! that proudly gives
 In sacrifice, an only son.
 He grasps a truth that ever lives,
 That victory and death are one.

Lily Doyle.

Bound in Khaki (Elliot Stock ; 2s. net) is the title which Miss Lily Doyle has given to the collection of her recent poetry. Like so many of our present-day poets, she is Irish. A keen patriot, the poems are mostly an encouragement to the winning of the war. One of them—it is the first we have seen on the subject—commemorates the recent Irish rebellion :

FATA MORGANA.

Their minds were fill'd with visions strange,
 They lived not in the present but the past,
 And fancied they were chosen now at last
 Their country's destiny to change.

Of future greatness was their thought ;
 They did not see the misery and pain
 And all the ills destruction brings in train,
 That by and through them would be wrought.

Poets and dreamers all were they.
 While we condemn their folly, as we do,
 Can we not find a thought of pity too,
 That they so far were led astray ?

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